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4 **EDITOR'S NOTE**
CARNAL CRAVINGS

6 **THREESOMES**
HEALTHY COMPETITION
BY ALANA JENKINS

18 **THREESOMES**
READER LETTERS



CONTENTS

30 PICTORIAL

PHOENIX MARIE &
DANNY MOUNTAIN



40 BISEXUALITY

INSPIRED PLEASURES
BY COURTNEY MCCLINTOCK



52 FEMALE DOMINATION

THE DOMME NEXT DOOR
BY NICHOLAS HALPERN



64 CASUAL ENCOUNTERS

GETTING LUCKY
BY ERICA RODRIGUEZ

76 WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

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The November issue of *Penthouse Variations* delivers tantalizing tales of bold women who fearlessly indulge their carnal cravings, and Alana Jenkins's "Healthy Competition" is exactly that—times two. In her story of three-way passion, she captures the double lust of her and her girlfriend as they set their sights on the same handsome man. Courtney McClintock's "Inspired Pleasures" features a tempting trio of women who are creatively motivated to explore their bisexual sides. Nicholas Halpern's "The Domme Next Door" stars a take-charge landlady who puts her eager tenant through his paces. And in "Getting Lucky," Erica Rodriguez does so in style—landing a triple shot of pleasure that starts with dirty martinis and ends with a twist.

This month's reader confessions offer additional sexy stories, filled with delightful trios and other naughty adventures. For even more reader reveals, look for the November issue of *Penthouse Letters*. The 17th Annual Wife-Watching issue is on sale now at a newsstand near you and at penthousemagazine.com/psp. Packed with stories about wild wives and the men who appreciate their amorous antics,

it's sure to please those who love voyeurism and extramarital affairs.

Also debuting this month is *Letters to Penthouse, Vol. 52: Dirty Girls and Sexy Toys* (Grand Central Publishing), a book filled with imaginative kinksters and perverted playthings. This title is available in print and as an e-book at your favorite retailer or look for it at PenthouseStore.com.—Barbara Pizio, Executive Editor



Editor's Note



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Threesomes

Healthy Competition

All's fair in love and anal when two bisexual girlfriends set their sexual sights on a new hunky neighbor.



By Alana Jenkins





WHEN the hot new guy moved into our building, Stephanie and I each swore we'd be the first one to take him to bed.

The thing about Steph and me: We're natural competitors, but we're also best friends. Make that best friends with serious benefits. Steph is a strawberry-blonde with a taut body and generous tits. We've lived together since college and long ago we worked out a healthy, very doable relationship that allows us to fuck around as much as we want while remaining friends and lovers.

But whenever we compete against each other—in basketball, a board game, whatever—we tend to go all out. I love to see Steph succeed, and if my pushing helps her get there, I feel good. That's

not to say I don't want to win, myself. I play hard. Especially, in our latest competition to see who could get into Mr. Sweet-Ass Hot Guy's pants first.

We had seen him moving his stuff into an apartment on the floor below ours. He was a raven-haired stunner, with movie-star eyes and what promised to be an underwear model's physique. Steph and I were both immediately cockstruck and rushed to introduce ourselves. His name was Andre, and he was a chef at a new downtown restaurant, which was all he had time to tell us.

Later, back at our place, we made our vow and toasted the competition with some champagne as we lounged about in our undies.

"God!" Stephanie rhapsodized dreamily. "He's so totally gorgeous. And I just



know he's got a big cock, too!"

I laughed. I had Andre's image burned into my memory, as well. "How big do you think it is?" I asked, grinning.

"I bet he'll be halfway down my throat when I suck him. Yum."

She was sitting on the couch, feet up on the coffee table, her athletic legs spread. A tiny triangle of purple silk covered her pussy. Feeling devilish, I slipped off the chair and crawled toward her.

Her head was back, dreamy eyes focused on the ceiling. She waxed erotic-poetic some more about Andre and his possible proportions. Meanwhile, I tugged away the coffee table and slid into place so that Steph's legs were draped over my shoulders. She looked down as I untied her purple G-string and gazed rapturously at her bared pink lips.

NOVEMBER 2015

"You think Andre knows how to eat pussy?" I asked.

"He's a chef. He must know how to handle . . . delicacies." Steph sighed as I lowered my head and flicked my tongue up and down her delicious furrow.

I lost myself in the scent and taste and texture of her. My head whirled. When I looked up, Steph was kneading her own breasts as her head rocked back and forth. I was pleased when I heard her cry out "Andre!" as her naked ass bounced on the couch cushion and she gushed her pussy juice into my eager mouth.

I wanted her to keep thinking about Andre. I came up for air and said in a husky approximation of our neighbor's voice, "I hope my cock's big enough for you." Then I jammed three fingers at once into her drenched pussy.

She jounced as if she'd been hit with a jolt of electricity. I finger-fucked her like mad. The knuckle of my thumb caught her swollen clit, and she rode her way toward another wild orgasm. Still mimicking Andre, I said, "Yeah! Take that cock! I love fucking you so hard!"

Stephanie's orgasm overwhelmed her, and she collapsed like a limp rag doll. I sat back and greedily licked my glistening fingers. After all these years, sex between us was still exciting.

She ducked into the bedroom and came out a minute later, strapped on and meaning business. The dildo, a formidable length of pliant silicone, was a favorite of mine—especially when she

hole, and I moaned with need.

Yes, Andre, I thought. Fuck my ass, please!

Before Steph accommodated my mental wish, she grabbed a bottle of lube. When she returned, she greased up, and I felt the tip of that big cock nudging my waiting ring. As she started to penetrate me, my pleasure and sense of vulnerability increased. My pussy flowed, and excitement tingled all over my flesh. I reached up and gripped the couch's armrest. I took every inch she gave me, and I bucked back against the intrusion, trying to get her tool even deeper. I wanted her all the way.

She reached my deepest places, and I

That cock pounded
me. I heard and felt the slaps of flesh
against flesh. I took
every thrust, and I came two more times
as I fingered my clit.

wore it. "Get naked," she commanded, and she, too, was now imitating Andre's masculine tones.

I flung away my frilly undies. She strode toward me, her lovely fake cock wagging. I felt an overpowering urge to suck it. At first, she was surprised. But as I went down on her with serious gusto, she got into the situation. She grabbed two fistfuls of my dark hair and started face-fucking me.

"Suck my big cock!" she told me, but in my head, I heard Andre's voice and was so delirious by then that I half-believed he was in the room. Steph led me to the couch and had me lay down on my belly. Her spit-wet fingers trailed in the valley of my ass. Fingertips delved my

held her there, my channel grasping her fiercely. I shook with a quiet, growing fury. My climax was something primal as ecstasy rose around me and shook me hard. Even after my orgasm ebbed, I only wanted more.

"Fuck my ass, Steph! Fuck it hard!"

That was exactly what she did. That cock pounded me. I heard and felt the slaps of flesh against flesh. I took every thrust, and I came two more times, howling as I fingered my clit.

We'd fucked ourselves into exhaustion. Her soft body curled against me, and her lips tenderly kissed my shoulder. Eventually, she worked the strap-on dildo out of my ass and tossed it aside. She was always so talented with that toy.



"If Andre is half as good as that," I murmured, "I'll count myself a lucky girl."

"Yeah," Steph agreed. "Me, too."

WEIRD THING was, neither of us could get anywhere with Andre. Individually, we ambushed him in the lobby and on the stairs of our apartment building, but he was always in a rush and our flirting got us nowhere. When Steph and I separately approached him, we received a polite "I'm awfully busy right now" in reply.

Neither of us was used to being turned down by guys. It was downright bizarre.

"Maybe he's gay," I finally said.

"The least he could do is let us watch him fuck his boyfriend," Steph laughed, but I knew she was disappointed, too.

That night, though, we watched from our window as Andre got out of a car at the curb. He kissed a woman, who then climbed back in the car and drove off. Steph and I were dumbfounded—and

more than a little pissed off.

The next night, I decided to make a serious play for our hot neighbor. I did myself up in a risqué little black dress, stockings and no panties. I slipped out, not even sure if Steph was in the apartment, and took a cab downtown. It was a half hour until Andre's restaurant closed, but I told the waiter all I wanted was dessert.

I thought myself pretty damn cunning until I looked up and saw my dear lover and rival in a red fuck-me number staring at me from the next table. I wandered over to confront her, saying, "You look ravishing . . . bitch."

She shrugged and giggled ruefully. "Yeah, I could smack you, too, darling. Sit down. We might as well see this stupid plan through."

The restaurant was upscale, very nice. As it emptied, I paid the check and left a good tip. I also asked if we could see the chef. When Andre finally came out, we were the last customers. He looked handsome, if pretty wrung out, but he bright-

ened immediately. “Alana! Stephanie! How nice to see you both. What brings you here?”

“We wanted to know who that woman was you were kissing last night,” Steph said bluntly.

Blinking, he said, “She’s an ex, passing through town. She knows how hard I’ve been working to get this place going and offered to send a food reviewer from the magazine where she works.”

That answer satisfied both of us.

“We also want to know why you won’t go out with either of us,” I blurted out.

Steph added coyly, “Don’t you think we’re pretty?”

Andre looked completely bewildered

Andre went willingly.

Stainless steel gleamed, and the smells of exotic cuisine lingered. We pushed Andre against a counter. Steph stepped back, undid a catch, and let her red dress drop. She, too, had ventured out without panties. Her red stockings accentuated her slender thighs. Andre’s wide eyes traveled her bare body.

I gave him something else to look at, stepping out of my black number. We both moved toward Andre again. “Time to get you out of those clothes,” I said.

He didn’t put up a struggle. In fact, Andre was practically tripping over himself to strip quickly enough. His body was even better than I’d imagined it to

We put our mouths
to the sides of his organ, sliding our
open lips up and down.
Andre leaned back against the counter.
His cock twitched.

in his cute chef’s hat and smock. Then his matinee-idol eyes ticked back and forth between us. “This restaurant has been taking up every minute of my life,” he said. “That’s why I haven’t had the time to see either of you. Plus, how the fuck was I supposed to choose?”

Steph rose and kissed his cheek. “You don’t have to choose.”

I stood and kissed him, too, and Andre snaked his strong arms around our waists. “Have us both. Now!” If we were going to be over the top, I figured we might as well go all the way with it.

Steph had the same idea. Together, we manhandled him away from the dining room’s windows and escorted him into the kitchen. The staff was gone, and

be: firm, sculpted, not overly muscled. His cock was stiff, a glorious length with a thick crown.

Steph and I both reached for his staff at the same time. She smirked at me. “I guess this contest is a tie,” she murmured, and I nodded. We knelt together on the tiled floor, facing that handsome erection. Andre looked as if he’d been transported.

My girlfriend and I each cradled a testicle in one hand. I loved the warmth and texture. Then we put our mouths to the sides of his organ, sliding our open lips up and down. Andre leaned back against the counter. His cock twitched. Steph and I moved up toward his cockhead, and our tongues met as we took turns



swiping up his first drops of pre-come. His salty essence lingered on my tongue.

I took over the first round of deep-throating. Meanwhile, Steph ducked lower to lick and tickle Andre's balls. With finesse, I drew his whole delectable shaft into my mouth, riding him right down until my nose was buried in his pubic curls. His moans echoed off the walls. He throbbed in my throat.

I savored the taste, his manly flavor, like nothing else in the world. I had the mightiest and yet most delicate part of him in my mouth. I loved the bobbing tempo, the familiar exercise of my neck muscles. It was hypnotic, and I rocked my head as my lips encircled him.

As much as I was enjoying the moment, I realized I needed to give Steph her opportunity. We switched places. I managed the angle, wedging myself into position so that I could suck on Andre's balls.

His sac was already slick with Steph's spit. I closed my lips tenderly around each ball in turn and applied a soft suc-

tion. Andre's legs were trembling. All the while Steph was blowing him with her typical enthusiasm. I heard her wet mouth moving on his sweet staff. I hoped she was enjoying herself.

Suddenly, Andre reached down, seized Steph's shoulders and hauled her up onto the counter, planting her ass right there on the edge. Her face was flushed. She breathed heavily, her spectacular breasts rising and falling rhythmically.

Andre stepped between her outspread thighs and shoved his cock into her. Her dripping pussy took his every inch, right to the hilt. Her back went straight, eyes squeezed shut, teeth bare. Her hands caught his shoulders, fingers digging in. Andre started stroking into her. His face was gleaming with heat, eyes dancing.

I rose beside them, grinning. I reached out and caressed Steph's tits, catching her hard nipples between my fingers, tweaking a little more pleasure from her already nearly overloaded system. She groaned as Andre slammed into her, their bodies meeting with sharp slaps.

I reached behind him and cupped his balls again, playing the tender sac with my fingers, feeling him getting ready to erupt.

A great trembling overcame Steph's whole body. She held on to Andre's shoulders like the safety harness on a carnival ride. Then she put back her head and let loose with a cry of wild ecstasy that hit every surface in the kitchen.

As if in response, Andre's balls constricted in my gentle grip and then he pumped his load into Steph's well-worked hole. For a second, I felt the jealousy of a rival, but I reminded myself we had already declared this one a tie.

Still, when he slid his cock out of her,

Steph slipped off the counter, and I found myself half-bent over it, catching its flesh-warmed edge with my palms. I felt Steph's dainty hands part my ass-cheeks the moment before her tongue flicked against my rear hole. I moaned loudly and bucked toward her as she made my backdoor sloppy-wet. My body pulsed with a deep need. I realized it would take nearly nothing to tip me into orgasm. I was already humming with the carnal intensity we had brought into this kitchen. I could have probably fingered myself into an orgasm in seconds.

But Steph was there to make sure I got mine properly. She guided Andre in behind me. I felt his rejuvenated cock

As he staggered
back, I swooped between Steph's
thighs and pressed my
mouth to her overflowing slit. She
made purring sounds.

the aroma of his semen hit me like some fairy-tale aphrodisiac. I *had* to taste it. As he staggered back, I swooped between Steph's sweaty thighs and pressed my mouth to her overflowing slit. She jumped in surprise, then made purring sounds and stroked my hair. I licked up the pearly strings of Andre's salty load, getting a nice sample of Steph's pussy flavor at the same time. I lapped up every dribble I could get, flicking Steph's swollen clit often enough that her red-stockinged legs closed around my head as she came against my lips.

As I stood up in an erotic daze, I was aware of Steph telling Andre something. "Now you better come through for my best friend," she explained.

sliding along the vale separating my ass-cheeks. He whispered, "Are you sure?"

"Alana loves it in the ass," Steph reassured him.

It was what I wanted. Maybe I'd wanted this specifically from Andre from the first time I'd seen him. Fluttering with anticipation, I leaned further, elbows resting on the counter, feet set wide apart. Andre's strong thighs pressed against me. His cock trailed my ass valley, reaching my eager hole.

He pressed against my ring. My backdoor swallowed up his cockhead. I could feel him pulsing there. Then with expert slowness, he fed his inches into me. As much as I love Steph in strap-on mode, there's nothing quite like the reality and



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humanness of a live cock in my ass. Andre's shaky hands settled on my hips. I knew I was giving at least as much pleasure as I was receiving, knew I was gripping the head of his cock with an exquisite pressure.

He filled more of me. When I gave a cry, he froze.

"It's okay," Steph said. "You're doing fine."

It was a warm feeling knowing my dear friend was watching out for my well-being. Not that I guessed I had anything to worry about with Andre. He didn't seem to be a novice to anal.

My hot neighbor resumed his gradual penetration. Soon I felt his balls pressed

My whole channel began to pulse with the rapturous heat of delight. Andre stoked the embers hotter and brighter. Deep pleasures gathered in me, swelling, taking their time and building toward something so powerful it felt almost dangerous. This was the perfect conclusion to my competition with Stephanie. We were both winners here, without a doubt.

I turned, but she wasn't there anymore. Suddenly, I felt the heat of her breath and the shivery tickle of her tongue. I yelped happily. She was between my legs, lapping at my pussy while Andre continued to pound my butt. Steph licked and nipped and even sucked on my clit.

The experience was too much. My

She was lapping
at my pussy while Andre continued
to pound my butt.
Steph licked and nipped and even
sucked on my clit.

flush against my ass. I had all of him. That cock I'd held in my throat earlier was now deep inside my ass.

I took a long breath and turned to look at Andre over my shoulder. I met those come-hither eyes and said, "Now fuck my ass like you mean it!"

It was like the gate banging open at a racetrack. His hands gripped my hips tightly, and he started plunging away at my backdoor. His fine hard body undulated against mine, moving with the speed, grace and need of a panther. He hit my most secret depths with every thrust, igniting fresh joy each time. My body was awake and alive, ready for those sparkling sensations, recognizing them for the gifts of bliss that they were.

hands flailed out, knocking utensils off the counter. I was panting, heaving, screaming, creaming. My climax exploded from the most central places of my being, spreading outward like a shockwave, enveloping me, shaking every particle of my body.

Andre responded. His hot come gushed deep into my ass. He gave me a few more slow strokes, then slipped himself free. I stayed there collapsed half onto the countertop with my legs limp.

Steph rose and turned my head, giving me a pussy-flavored kiss before turning to Andre and saying, "Next time, you're fucking *my* ass."

After all, even in a competition you like things to be fair.

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Threesomes letters





**SLAMMING AGAINST EACH OTHER
IS MORE EXCITING FOR
THIS TRIO THAN SLAMMING
AGAINST DEADLINES**

"I can't believe we're stuck here on a Friday night."

"I know," Richard grumbled. "I already filled the board with my best ideas." He indicated the white board, overflowing with notes in his careful printing. Then he ran a hand through his short blond hair and sighed. "I need to reboot." He headed off toward the break room. Melanie set her head on the desk and moaned.

It was 9 p.m. The three of us were the only ones in the office now that everyone else had left. Were we the most committed of the team members? Or were we simply the only people on staff who didn't

have anyone waiting for us at home? Whatever the reason, we got a little goofy. Richard brought back a bowl of popcorn, and Melanie started playing silly music videos on her computer.

"We've been working too hard," I said when Melanie threw a popcorn kernel at me.

"Clearly." She looked at the papers spread out on the desk. We were doing our best to meet the deadline, but ideas don't come because you need them. Richard was doodling on the white board. I realized he was sketching an x-rated picture. I laughed as he erased the image, but not before Melanie had seen it.

"Why, Richard," she cooed. "I'd

"Are we really the only ones here?" she asked.

I did a quick tour of the office to verify that there were no other employees left. Then I returned to the boardroom. Melanie had wasted no time at all. Down to her bra-and-panty set, she had already pulled out Richard's cock and was sucking it gleefully. I peeled off my jacket and started to unbutton my own blouse. I wasn't entirely sure how far we were going to go, but I was definitely game.

Richard looked momentarily transported. He leaned against the table, staring down at Melanie as she bobbed her head on his cock. Then he motioned for me to come to-

While Mel sucked
him to the root, Richard began
to kiss me passionately. I
practically melted into his embrace.

never have thought . . . "

He wagged his eyebrows at us.

"That's the best idea you've had all day." Melanie grinned. The room grew quiet for a moment as we all looked at each other. I'd always thought Richard was attractive, if a little bit on the buttoned-up side. With his cropped hair and stern blue eyes, he had a authoritative air to him. Now that I'd seen his dirty side, I found him even more appealing.

Melanie was more of a wild card. She always was the last one to offer her opinion at meetings, listening to everyone else's input before weighing in. But tonight, she was absolutely taking the lead, unbuttoning her blouse so I could see a hint of the shell-pink bra beneath.

ward him. While Mel sucked him to the root, Richard began to kiss me passionately. I practically melted into his embrace. We'd been working so hard. Pleasure hadn't been high on my agenda. Sex hadn't even made it into the datebook. So the feeling of Richard's warm lips on mine was like a slice of ecstasy I'd forgotten existed. He kissed me with fervor, stirring something deep inside me.

No, wait. That was Melanie stirring something. She'd slid her hand up my thigh and was slowly inserting two fingers beneath the gusset of my panties and into my waiting pussy.

The excitement in the room increased a notch.

"I've always wanted to do that," she said, pausing in her slutty

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

blowjob to look up at me.

"Really?" I was shocked. She'd never once indicated she found me desirable.

She pulled her fingers from me and licked my cream from the tips. "Really," she insisted, and then she turned her full focus on me, pulling my panties down and waiting for me to step out of them. Richard became the voyeur for a moment as Melanie anchored me with her hands on my hips and began to bestow the most delicious oral assault on my pussy. I set my hands on her shoulders to

and I loved her tangy flavor. Richard groaned watching us. I turned my head for a second, ignoring Melanie only long enough to see that he was jacking his hand on his cock, which was still spit-slick from Melanie's mouth. Then Melanie begged me, "Please, Nancy. Don't stop!" and I resumed tonguing her pearl.

She didn't come until Richard got involved. He moved close to us, and he dipped his fingers into Mel's pussy while I sucked and slurped at her clit. I could only guess what he was doing with his wet digits. At



steady myself. Richard came closer, and he undid my bra and gently tweaked my nipples.

Under the ministrations of these two sexy lovers, I was on the brink in no time. Before I could come, Melanie moved me so that I was entirely up on the wood table. Our notes forgotten, the deadline forgotten, we became focused solely on giving and receiving pleasure.

Melanie resumed her pussy-licking games, but she moved so that the two of us were in a sixty-nine. I won my first taste of the brunette's pussy,

least, at first I could only guess. Then Melanie gasped out, "Oh, God, yes. Touch my asshole. Finger-fuck me there!"

Her words brought me to a heavenly climax. I shook the whole table with the force of my orgasm, and I know I flooded her face with my juices when I came. Quickly, Melanie moved off me. She bent over the edge of the table and motioned for Richard to get behind her. I was the watcher now, and I saw that he plunged his hard cock into her syrupy split, getting his dick all glossy

with her fragrant juices.

"My ass!" Melanie insisted. "Please put your dick in my ass!"

He parted her cheeks, and I got closer still. Before he could shove his cock up her backdoor, I bent down and licked her rosebud a few times, prepping her for his hefty dick.

When she was teetering on the brink, I moved away, and he introduced her to the hard, substantial length of him. It's always the quiet, thoughtful ones who are hung like that. Melanie seemed to really appreciate the treatment he was giving her. She banged her palms on the table and actually grunted as he fucked her hard and fast. If anyone had told me I'd be witnessing studious Melanie getting her asshole stretched open this Friday night, I would have laughed. Now, I put one hand to my own split and brought myself to another world-shattering orgasm, timing my explosion to match those of my carnal coworkers.

Richard's eyes were closed as he filled Melanie with his semen. He was panting with exertion, and there were spots of color on his high cheekbones. I'd never seen him look so hot. He let her ride out the bliss of her orgasm before he withdrew. Melanie was the loudest of all of us. "Oh, yes! Yes!" she shrieked. Even after she came, she continued to repeat the word, "Yes!" and I saw she'd moved to the whiteboard and was rapidly writing. Something about our sexual encounter had stirred her brainwaves. She'd come up with a slogan!

Richard and I locked eyes and then looked back at the board. Melanie's idea was good. Brilliant, even. "It's perfect," I said, reaching for my clothes.

"Not so fast," Richard said. He was eyeing my split.

"Let's regroup at my house," I told him. "We'll rinse off and try that

again. On a bed. In reverse."

"That's the best idea this team has ever had," Melanie said, and we redressed and headed out of the office together, prepared to brainstorm x-rated ideas all weekend long.

*Ms. Nancy R.,
Riverside, California*

COUPLE EAGER TO BE A TRIO MAKES A PLAY FOR A THIRD

I glanced at the guy in the corner of the bar, standing with his buddies. He was tall and broad, with a shock of dark hair and a laugh I could hear from across the room.

"Push and pull," I said to my husband.

His head jerked up when I said the words, and he grinned. "What? Where?"

"Under the neon beer sign and the moose head," I answered, nodding in the guy's direction.

The bar was hosting a gathering of local ball teams, one of which my husband, Andy, belonged to.

"Which one?"

"The big guy with the dark hair and the red shirt."

"Ah, yeah. I know him. That's Jefferson."

"Mmm . . . Jefferson," I said. Then I laughed. "Think there's any chance that . . ." I left the question unfinished.

"Give me five minutes, and I'll find out," Andy said, and then he disappeared into the crowd.

I watched him go, thinking about our little code phrase: *push and pull*. That's what I liked to be. Pushed by one man, pulled by the other—caught between a good fucking on each end. I intently watched Andy talking to the object of my interest. When he leaned in and said something in Jefferson's ear and the other man's gaze found me, my heart leapt with immoral excitement.

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

I was pretty sure it was a go.

It was a sealed deal when Jefferson, who'd sort of shyly shook my hand and introduced himself, pulled his big black pickup truck in behind us at the lot for the local rent-by-the-hour motel. The place wasn't far from the bar, so my wish had turned to reality rather quickly.

"He's fine with it? Really?"

"He's fine with it. Really," Andy said. "More than fine with it. He practically ran for his truck."

I smiled, anticipation growing in my belly and between my legs. "Good. I'm excited. It's been too long."

"Then let's stop talking and go inside, so we can get you naked,"

Jefferson's dick. I swooped down on his shaft, sucking as much of him as I could. The feel of a foreign cock between my lips was always a huge turn-on.

My pussy was wet, and my husband knew it. He knelt behind me, reached between my legs and thrust three thick fingers inside my pussy. I whimpered around Jefferson's cock, and he groaned.

When Jefferson settled his hands on my head to influence my movements, I gave him one more good suck and pulled away. His eyes were shiny, his expression stunned.

"Get on the bed," Andy said.

I obeyed. I let him take my panties off and then my bra. He waved

The familiar feel
and scent of him mixed with
a stranger's lips on
my pussy did me in. I came.

Andy said. He went to get a room, and I walked over to Jefferson's truck.

"Why me?" he asked through his open window, engine still idling.

I shrugged. "I can't put my finger on it. A vibe. A look. I see a guy, and that's the guy. This time, you're that guy."

"You do this a lot?"

Another shrug from me. "When the mood strikes. You still have time to back out," I said.

He laughed. "Hell no."

Then Andy had a key, and we were all filing into room seventeen to get the party started.

The first thing I did was slip off my dress. The second thing I did was get down on my knees and take out

a hand toward me. "She likes to be eaten," he said.

Jefferson didn't utter a word. He knelt between my legs and pushed his face between my thighs. He licked my clit gently at first, but when I arched up, gripping his hair with my fists, he got rougher. His tongue was magical. Swirls and swipes and licks followed by small nibbles of his sharp white teeth.

Andy leaned over my head, and I parted my lips to suck his cock. The familiar feel and scent of him mixed with a stranger's lips on my pussy did me in. I came, my mouth stuffed full of Andy.

My husband moved away, rolled me to my hands and knees and regarded Jefferson over my body.

"Fuck her cunt or fuck her mouth."

From Jefferson, nothing but silence. He was considering his options. I smiled.

Finally, his gruff voice muttered: "Cunt."

"Good choice," Andy said. He brushed my hair out of my face and looked down at me. "Though it's a hard choice. Her mouth is pretty fucking heavenly."

With that, Jefferson slid into me. He took his time, making me feel every inch. And as he did, Andy pushed his thick cock between my lips. I sucked him once more, running my tongue along his shaft every time he drove into my willing mouth.

His fingers twined in my hair,

now. It was inevitable.

"Another one," Andy said to his friend.

Jefferson grunted and the animalistic sound coursed through me, lighting me up.

He pushed a second finger into my ass and began to time the thrusts of his fingers with the thrusts of his dick. A fine tremble started in me. My fingers curled into the bedding. My jaw ached from sucking Andy. But it was good. It was fine. I liked the ache and the silken feel of his cock driving across my tongue, scraping my teeth, stretching my lips.

I pushed back against Jefferson, the stimulation nudging me an inch closer to my release.

When Jefferson
thrust deep, the motion rocked
me forward so that Andy's
dick slid further down my throat.

and when Jefferson thrust deep, the motion rocked me forward so that Andy's dick slid further down my throat. I shut my eyes, feeling the push and pull of the two bodies bookending me. I worked my lips up and down my husband's shaft, pausing to tongue away the drop of pre-come that had blossomed on his cockhead. I clenched my internal muscles to accent the exquisite feeling of being filled and fucked.

Behind me, Jefferson groaned. In front of me, Andy shut his eyes and let himself go. He fucked my mouth slower, holding my head and taking what he needed from me.

Jefferson pushed a spit-slickened finger into my ass, and I sighed. I was going to come. Any moment

"Fuck," Andy said.

I swirled my tongue along his length, then sucked the tip of his cock hard. He hung his head, and I had a fleeting sense of victory until Jefferson wedged a third finger into my ass. The fullness, the intrusion, coupled with his driving cock pushed me over the edge.

I came, crying out around Andy's erection. He cursed again, coming hard, coating my tongue with cream and pulling my hair.

Jefferson managed another deep thrust and then I felt him pulling out of me, the absence of his girth undeniable. Then came the warm feel of his load christening my back as he grunted over and over again, climaxing too hard for words.

I laughed softly, my hair hanging in my eyes.

"What's so funny?" Andy asked, smoothing back my tresses and smiling down at me.

"Push and pull," I said, trying to catch my breath. "My favorite game."

He winked at me. "I'm rather fond of it myself."

*Ms. Thalia K.,
Little Rock, Arkansas*

RANDY ROOMMATES SPEAK A CARNAL LANGUAGE—AND NO LUST IS LOST IN TRANSLATION

"There are so many French words that have made their way into American conversations," Tim said, looking up from his book. I leaned back at my desk and gazed at him, waiting for him to continue. Whatever he had to say would definitely be more interesting than the research paper I was writing on the difference between Ionic and Doric columns.

"Like what?" Robert asked. He was our third roommate, and he seemed to be feeling the way I was. Ready for a break from studying, and willing to discuss anything. Even words in French.

"Chic," Tim said, "and critique, and cuisine."

"What else?" I asked, my curiosity piqued.

"Déjà vu . . . ménage."

He let the last word linger. I leaned toward him and said, "What was that?"

"You know, ménage. Like a ménage à trois."

Robert set his pencil down. There was a new kind of hush in the room.

"Are you including that in your term paper?" I asked, smiling.

He shook his head. "But I wouldn't mind learning a little more about the term. Sometimes hands-on is the best way to understand things."

We didn't have much to say after

that. There had always been a level of heat between the three of us, an intensity that was undeniable. I had never made a move, mostly because I didn't favor one of the boys over the other. Apparently, my indecision had robbed me of pleasure because as soon as Tim and Robert realized I was game, things heated up immediately.

Robert took his shirt off, and I stared at his gorgeous, muscular chest. Tim disrobed a beat later, pulling off both his top and his sweats. My roommates looked at me expectantly. I was only wearing an oversized football jersey and a pair of striped boyshorts. I took both off—and the silence became almost overwhelming.

"God, you're pretty," Robert said, coming toward me. I welcomed him into my embrace, and we started making out on the couch. As Robert kissed me, I felt Tim watching us. That made the scene even more erotic. Having an audience while Robert stroked my skin and kissed my lips. I rued those lost months. We could have been doing this from the day we'd moved into the suite. Why hadn't we?

No time to worry about that now.

Tim sat on the other side of me, and I felt his hands snake around my body. His big hands cupped my tits, and I moaned. Robert, apparently not wanting to be outdone, moved so that Tim was cradling me but my legs were splayed. He knelt in front of me, and he began to lick my shaved pussy. My moans increased as his tongue tripped up and down my juicy split. I could feel Tim's erect cock pressing against me, and I shimmied a little to give him some friction.

"Fuck," he said, "I need to be in you."

Robert had a quick cure for that. He moved me on my hands and

knees on the rug, and he took a position in front of me and motioned for Tim to get behind. Soon, I was sucking on Robert's cock and being pounded by Tim. I felt myself becoming more aroused as I grew closer to climax. Before I could come, the boys—on some hidden signal I hadn't even seen—swapped positions. Now, I was slurping my own satiny juices off Tim's rod while Robert started to fuck me from behind. I enjoyed the differences in their dicks. Both of my roommates had reason to be proud of their units. But Robert's cock was fatter and Tim's longer and more elegant.

Being worked from both sides really did take me to my climax, but I

want to prove their worth to me. So I decided to turn the climax into a contest. I pulled away from both of them, and I sat on the floor in front of the sofa facing my roommates.

"Come for me," I said.

They both stared without moving.

"I mean it," I insisted. "Show me what you look like when you think about me at night. Stroke your dicks and shoot your come. I want to see it."

Both boys moved closer to me, and they began working toward the finish line. But then I had a new idea.

"You stroke him," I pointed to Robert. "And let him stroke you."

This was even more exciting. To me, at least. I wondered what my

Now, I was slurping
my own satiny juices off Tim's
rod while Robert
started to fuck me from behind.

was the only one to come. The boys seemed to enjoy watching the passion flood through me. Robert held his cock still in my hole, and Tim gently rested his dickhead on my lower lip. When the pleasure had abated, the boys did their swap again. I sucked my fresh juices from Robby's rod while Tim plunged into my pussy once more.

"I've been fantasizing about this for months," Tim whispered. "Every time I see you walking down the hall after a shower, I want to rip the towel away and fuck you against the wall."

Not to be undone, Robert said, "I think about you when I jack off every night."

"Me, too," Tim insisted.

I laughed. They seemed each to

roommates would think of my dirty idea. There was only a tiny hesitation. Then Tim shrugged and reached for Robert's cock. Robert spit on his hand and did the same for Tim. It took a little maneuvering to get comfortable, but fairly quickly they'd found a rhythm. In fact, I realized that they'd found a rhythm that looked like it had been hit before.

"You've done this!" I insisted.

They exchanged sheepish smiles.

"Without me!"

The smiles broadened.

I couldn't believe I'd been left out of the loop. That wasn't going to happen again. "The first one who makes the other come gets to fuck me," I said. Their clenched hands became blurs of flesh. They both were trying

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desperately to win. I could tell.

I egged them on by touching myself. I ran one hand over my breasts, pinching my nipples in turn. I used my other hand to rub my clit. I moaned and raised my hips. I wasn't playacting. This was the sexiest thing I'd ever experienced. Then the remarkable happened. They both came at once! I watched in awe as they spurted their semen into the air. Robert sat back and sighed. His dick was already reawakening. Tim said, "You are the hottest woman I've seen outside of porn." His cock was rapidly regaining strength as well.



Since they'd both won, there was only one thing to do. I got lube from my bedroom, and we positioned ourselves in the center of the room. I chose Robert for my pussy, because his nice, fat cock would fill me up just right. I settled myself on him, rising up and down a few times to get used to his girth. Then I bent forward and Tim oiled me up with the lube. His slender dick would work perfectly in my back hole.

He took it nice and easy, inching his way in until he was fully inside me. Then we began to seesaw together. The boys moved me back and forth

between them, and I could feel my honey slipping from my pussy in copious amounts. I had never in my life been this aroused before. I'd never gone further than fantasizing about double-penetration. Now, I was living it! I knew that once wouldn't be enough for me. We'd opened this dirty door—and I was going to make sure we kept it open.

Robert came first this time. He couldn't help himself. I could feel him spurting inside me. I was the next to grab the "O." My pussy tightened on his softening dick, and my asshole spasmed around Tim's beautiful

cock. Tim held out as long as possible. Then he came in my ass, pumping hard, breathless as he emptied himself.

We were a mess of tangled limbs before we disengaged.

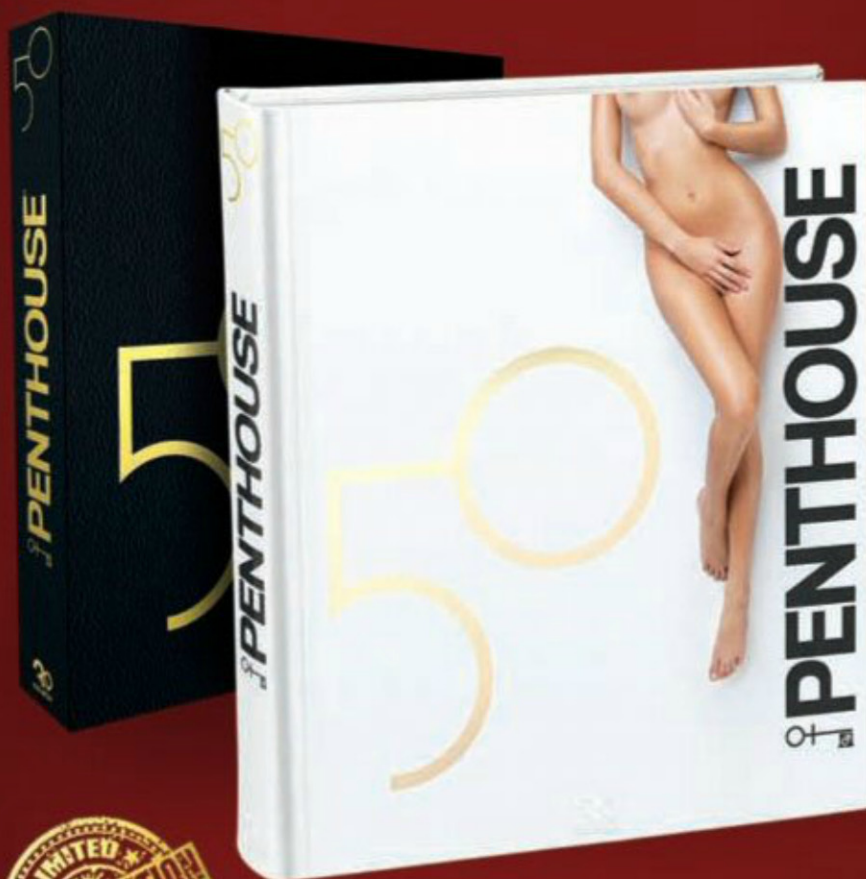
"That was so fucking amazing," Robby said, sprawled on the carpet.

"We have to do that again," I sighed.

Tim looked at both of us and then he nodded toward his book, open on the coffee table. "Well, I did want to explore the term *déjà vu*."

*Ms. Eleanor M.,
Houston, Texas*

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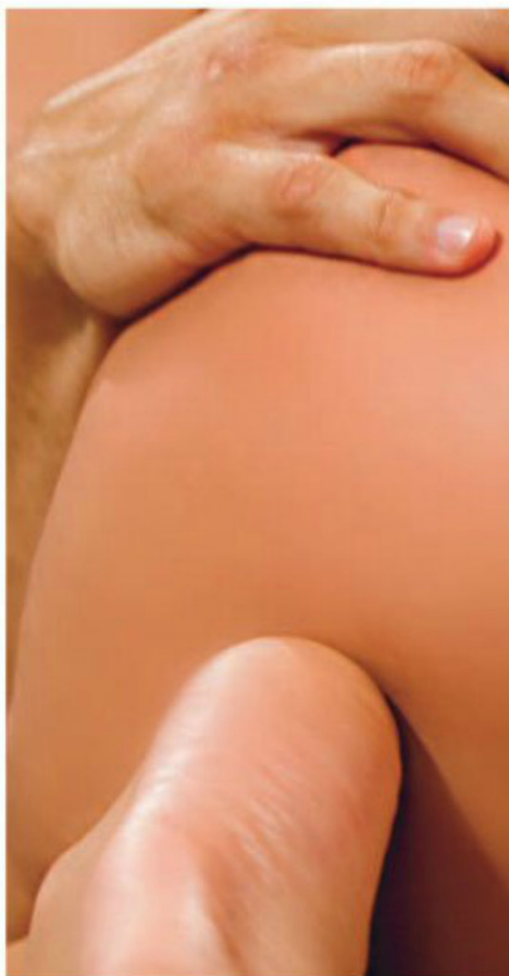
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Phoenix & Danny




Phoenix is the type of woman who knows what she wants—and isn't afraid to go after it—and what she wants is Danny. He'd moved into the building only a week ago, and she made her play without haste. He'd admired the curvy brunette and was pleased when she'd asked him over for dinner. He didn't realize that he was going to be the main course.









A close-up photograph of a person's legs and arms, showing a watch on the wrist. The person is lying down, and their skin is glistening with oil. The background is dark, and the person is wearing a white garment. The text is in the top right corner.

Danny let her take the lead until his lustful urges overpowered his sense of playfulness. Phoenix enjoyed Danny's dominance, and her arousal flared higher with his erotic attention to her sensitive soles.









Phoenix's orgasm hit her hard, making her whole body quiver with bliss. As her spasming pussy massaged his shaft, Danny succumbed to his own climax, thinking that he couldn't have had a better welcome to the neighborhood!



Inspired Pleasures

Watching a gay sex video turns on a trio of women who embark on a whole new journey of bisexual delights.



By Courtney McClintock





HEY, COURTNEY! Look what I found!” Madeline came into the kitchen with some DVDs. My roommate’s a tall, pretty brunette with blue eyes, creamy skin and a voluptuous figure—and right now her breathing was coming fast and her eyes had a seriously sexy glow.

“What are those?” I gave the pasta sauce another stir (it was my night to cook), and then I took a closer look at the items in Madeline’s hands. A flash of heat passed through me.

The DVD case at the top of the stack featured a photo of two well-built, almost-nude young men embracing beside a swimming pool and staring into the camera with bedroom eyes. The next disc’s cover featured a sexy blond lying

between two equally good-looking men in a hayloft. There were a couple more movies, just as hot as the first two—and equally as gay.

I looked at Madeline. “Gay porn? You found a stash of gay male porn?”

She nodded. “In that little cubby hole beneath the attic stairs. Those two guys must’ve forgotten them.”

Madeline and I, along with a third friend, Dana, had moved from a cramped apartment into this house less than a week before. The place was old and quirky, with three big bedrooms and plenty of character. We’d met the previous residents, a gay couple who wanted a smaller, newer place across town. Dana, in particular, hit it off with the guys, and they’d traded phone numbers.

Madeline was turning the videos over

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS



and checking out the back covers. I had never seen her blush before, but right now her cheeks were a bit pink. Madeline lives life in the fast lane. She loves to go clubbing and meet guys, many of whom wind up in her bedroom on the weekends. It's pretty hard to throw her off balance, but I could see that the gay porn collection had done just that. Her curiosity was definitely piqued!

So was mine. I'm no prude, but I had never seen any gay porn before, and to be honest, I would not have guessed that watching men have sex with other men would turn me on. But I *was* turned on, and all I'd seen was a few DVD covers.

"We *have* to take a look at one of these," Madeline declared, bright-eyed and smiling.

"Of course," I said. "Pick one. I'll

be right there." I'd opened a bottle of wine for dinner, but dinner could wait. I grabbed the bottle and two glasses and joined Madeline in the den. When Dana arrived home from work half an hour later, she found us sitting on the couch, transfixed by the action on the TV. Our third roommate is a slender, green-eyed redhead.

In typical Dana fashion, she got right to the point. "What the fuck! Since when do you two watch boy-boy porn?" She dropped her coat and handbag, kicked off her shoes, and stood staring at the screen. A gorgeous naked man was leaning against a muscle car while his hard-bodied friend knelt before him and vigorously sucked his cock. As we watched, the standing guy turned and bent over the hood so the other dude could rim his ass.

Both men were moaning and stroking their sizeable erections.

Dana sat on the couch between us. “Couldn’t you have waited for me?”

Madeline and I both reacted with surprise, which made Dana roll her eyes and laugh.

“What?” she asked. “A lot of dykes like to watch gay male porn. Me, for one.” She appropriated my now-empty wineglass and poured herself what was left in the bottle. “Nothing makes me hotter than watching two guys pleasure each other. Or three,” she added, as another man joined the first two on the TV.

If I was startled by my own reaction to the man-on-man porn, I was even more

touching myself, as well. The white-hot sex on the TV screen, combined with the extreme sexual tension in the room, compelled me to reach into the front of my sweatpants and rub my clit. I watched the movie for a few more minutes, strumming my fingers over my hot button as the men on the screen moved through a series of three-way couplings. Then something made me glance over at my companions, and my breath caught in my throat.

Madeline was leaning into Dana’s lap and making out with her like she’d been kissing girls for years. They were really getting into it—I could see their tongues battling—and as they kissed, their hands

Dana’s breath came
faster and faster as Madeline
continued to twirl her
tongue between her companion’s
swollen labia.

flummoxed by Dana’s confession. The things you learn about people!

And about yourself, said a little voice inside me. Watching the men go at it was driving me crazy. One guy was plowing the other’s ass now, while the newcomer watched and pulled on his cock. The salacious sounds of the performers’ raw sexfest filled the room.

I glanced at Madeline and saw that she was obviously as hot and bothered as I was. She finished off her wine, put the glass on the table and slipped her hand down the front of her pants. “Jesus, I’m so horny,” she said.

“Me, too,” I admitted, but I’m sure that was crystal clear to both Dana and Madeline, because by this time I was

roamed over one another, exploring, caressing.

I was envious. In fact, I was desperate. And I did not want to be left out. When Dana whipped off her shirt, revealing her bare breasts, I bent and began kissing one of those perky mounds while Madeline suckled at the other. Dana moaned, arched her back and ran her hands through our hair. She gave a sharp gasp of pleasure when I closed my mouth over her nipple and sucked it firmly between my lips. Madeline continued to give vigorous attention to Dana’s other boob. Soon, we had Dana quivering intensely.

Then Madeline got on her hands and knees on the floor and started to pull



Dana's jeans off. Our resident lesbian apparently eschewed both bra *and* panties, because a moment later she was totally naked. Boldly, she spread her knees wide, and I got another reminder of our differences: russet-haired Dana keeps a full bush; dark-haired Madeline prefers the Brazilian look, and I take a middle ground with my tidy blonde landing strip.

Madeline's ardor had reached a fever pitch. She took one look at Dana's pretty pussy and dove in to slake her thirst. She may not have been experienced in the ways of Sapphic stimulation, but I suspected (and later confirmed) that she had fantasized about an encounter like this. Dana's thigh muscles visibly tightened at the onrush of sensation. With a sigh of bliss, she let her shoulders fall back against me. Together we stared down at the sight of Madeline running her tongue up and down the folds of Dana's sex. It was such an incendiary view that I had to work my hand into my pants again. Dana turned her face toward me and we kissed

fiercely, our mutual desire flowing. With my free hand, I palmed her breasts, marveling at their firmness compared to my softer, heavier boobs.

Dana's breath came faster and faster as Madeline continued to twirl her tongue between her companion's swollen labia. As I watched, Madeline held Dana's pussy lips apart with her fingers and settled her mouth on Dana's clit. She focused her attention on that sensitive nub until Dana, shaking with emotion, cried out, "Fuck yes! I'm coming!" I held her close as the waves of her climax passed through her slender frame.

When Dana began to regain control of her breathing, Madeline came up and kissed her on the mouth. Dana giggled, tasting herself, and said, "Jeez, Maddy, you're good at that! Are you sure you've never switched teams before?"

Madeline smiled. "Never. But I've thought about it."

The blue movie was still playing on the TV as Madeline and I got naked. Dana had me lie back along the length of

the couch. Feeling nervous and more excited than I had in a long time, I yielded to her experience. She knelt between my legs, pushed my knees apart, and lowered her face to my sex. It wasn't the first time a woman had gone down on me—I'd explored a bi-curious phase a few years earlier—but it was still so different and thrilling to feel the smoothness of Dana's face against my inner thighs. When her tongue touched my clit, I jerked involuntarily, then melted into the sensation. We both moaned as her hands roamed over my hips and upward to my breasts. She rubbed her mouth against my dripping folds with a kind of playful exuberance, teasing me without giving

manded, staring down at me with burning eyes. "I need it so bad!"

My libido, already in overdrive, threatened to race out of control. I reached my hands around Madeline's plush cheeks and darted my tongue into her vagina. "Oh yes, that's it," she cried, jerking her pelvis forward and grinding her sex against my mouth. "Keep going!"

I rubbed my lips all over her buttery slit and flicked my tongue again and again into her steamy depths, making her moan. At the other end of the couch, Dana was working similar magic with my nether parts. She probed me with her tongue as well as her fingers, deftly alternating between the two so that the

Dana had me close
to orgasm. My clit was sparking, and
my backdoor was
clenching around Dana's finger. It was
such a naughty feeling.

me the full-on treatment I so desperately craved. I knew she'd get there, though, and I was determined to enjoy every second of the buildup.

Meanwhile, Madeline got back on the couch and offered me a wicked grin as she squatted over my chest. I'd seen her naked before this, and Dana, too—we'd been living together for several years, after all—but I'd never seen her private parts with this kind of up-close, in-your-face detail. Quite simply, Maddy is blessed with the body of a goddess. She is toned and firm, with ample curves and smooth, unblemished skin. She scooted right up to my chin and presented her perfectly waxed pussy for my oral attention. "Suck my clit, Courtney," she de-

intense sensations never stopped. When she closed her lips over my clitoris and sucked, I did the same to Madeline, who uttered a high-pitched squeal in response. Dana upped the ante a second later by pushing one well-lubed finger into my ass, just as the guys had done to each other in the movie we'd been watching. The delicious feeling momentarily overwhelmed me, and I squirmed mightily, nearly dislodging Madeline from her squat over my chin. As she righted herself, I followed Dana's lead, first lubing my finger in Madeline's pussy and then easing it into her bottom. Her reaction was immediate. "Hell, yes," she said, pushing herself against my intruding digit to make it go in farther. I



slapped at her clit with my tongue while stimulating her anus at the same time, until Maddy could take no more. She climaxed with a primal howl and drenched my lips with her juices.

Dana had me close to my own orgasm by now. My clit was sparking big time, and my backdoor was clenching around Dana's finger. It was such a naughty feeling. Madeline climbed off me and played with my tits while Dana brought me down the home stretch. I made a sound like an animal in heat and bucked my hips at her, taking all she had to give. The orgasm was long and intense; I was lucky I didn't pull a muscle.

We enjoyed a new closeness in the days that followed. We agreed, though, that the discs should be returned to their rightful owners, so Dana got in touch with the guys and invited them to come get their stuff.

They showed up with a surprise. It seemed that Dana had told them on the phone how much we'd enjoyed watching their porn . . . so, with a smile and a

wink, they brought us more.

What sweethearts!

There was never any question that Dana, Madeline and I would watch the new movies together. This time, however, we put some planning into the event. We made ourselves wait until Friday night, and then we started the festivities with a bubble bath for three in the master bathroom's clawfoot tub. Even in that big tub, we were crowded, but we had a lot of fun slipping and sliding against one another and soaping each other up!

We didn't linger, though; we were far too eager to watch another all-man flick and—more to the point—to get each other off. Emerging dewy-fresh and fragrant from the bath, Dana and Madeline sprawled naked on my bed while I loaded one of the DVDs into my laptop computer. I brought the machine to the bed with me, and we watched a cast of gorgeous men give their best on the high-definition monitor. The performers found every excuse to fuck and suck

each other, concluding with a wild group scene that brought the movie to a close. My companions and I didn't get to the end until later, though. The first incendiary scene, with its vivid close-ups of cock-sucking and anal fucking, worked its magic on us so completely that I had to stop the movie and put the computer back on the desk. Then Dana pulled me down beside her and Madeline, and we frolicked on the bed for several minutes, giggling while kissing and rubbing against one another.

We ended up in a triangle: Dana with her head between my thighs, Madeline similarly positioned to pleasure Dana, and me focusing on Madeline's sexy slit.

thighs, and Dana climaxed right after, her small, tight body quaking so stridently that the bed squeaked in protest.

With the immediate pressure of our lust relieved, we settled into a slightly less frantic quest for additional pleasures. The night was young!

Madeline climbed on top of me, and as we kissed I ran my hands all along her lovely body, delighting in the riches of her feminine flesh. At the same time, Dana crouched between our legs and began playing with our pussies. I felt her fingers dip into my hole while her thumb rubbed wet circles around my clit. She was doing something similar to Madeline with her other hand, judging by

Dana began
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fingers dip into my hole
while her thumb rubbed wet circles
around my clit.

Soon the room was filled with the sounds of our hedonistic pursuits as we sucked and licked one another with several days' worth of pent-up desire. Resting my face against Madeline's soft inner thigh, I slid my tongue along the groove of her pussy. After sucking her swollen clit between my lips and flicking it rapidly with my tongue for a minute or two, Madeline experienced a sharp, quick climax that made her shriek in ecstasy. Her arousal showed no signs of abating; she went right on with her oral siege of Dana's sex. Dana, meanwhile, was working me into a lather as she plied her tongue and fingers in the depths of my pussy. It didn't take long for me to come. I cried out my passion between Madeline's

Maddy's reactions. She was sighing and undulating atop me, her breasts mashing against mine. Getting more worked up by the second, Madeline slid downward a bit and covered my tits with kisses before taking the tips, in turn, between her lips. The feeling was delicious. I quivered in response, so Madeline sucked more firmly, even biting lightly on my tits until she had me moaning loudly. Her back end was lifted up high as she tended to my boobs, so Dana moved in to feast on the exposed treasures of Madeline's nether region. I could see Dana's hands gripping Madeline's hips, but her face was hidden, buried as it was between the cheeks of Maddy's lovely derriere. They were both mewling and yipping excit-

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edly now, and as Madeline's fervor rose, so too did Dana's.

"Oh, God—that feels good," cried Madeline. "My cunt and my ass, you're eating them both, I love how that feels." Her voice faded, choked off by a deep sense of exhilaration. Dana, her enthusiasm running amok, delivered a resounding smack to Madeline's plush buttocks, making the latter cry out with surprise and delight.

Madeline maneuvered herself farther down my body until her mouth rested right on my pussy, and then she began licking like crazy. As the lucky recipient of her over-excited ministrations, I was so lost in the pleasures of her tongue that I didn't notice when Dana slipped off to her own bedroom. When she returned with a strap-on dildo, and I saw it on her, the black leather harness holding it firmly in place, I felt a jolt of hot passion. Madeline was going to get a pounding! Her outthrust hindquarters were simply too easy a target for Dana, who slotted the shiny black dildo between Madeline's slick pussy lips.

Despite being busy between my legs, Madeline had seen Dana approach with the strap-on, so she was ready when the toy penetrated her pussy. "Do me," she rasped, lifting her face from my crotch to glance back at Dana. "I want you to fuck me!"

Holding the sides of Madeline's ass, Dana thrust the dildo in and out of the other woman's cunt with increasing alacrity. She had Madeline on the verge of joyful tears in no time. "Put it in my ass," she cried, "just like in the movie. All that ass-fucking was so hot!"

Dana withdrew the dildo from Madeline's vagina, greased it with some lube from my nightstand, and eased the slick toy into her butt. I saw the change at once in Madeline's face. Her eyes grew wide and her lips formed an "O" as she pushed backward, meeting Dana's thrust halfway. "Oh, fuck—fuck," she stammered, taking the dildo deeper into her ass. Dana eased back, Madeline rocked

forward, and then they came together again, harder this time. Madeline reached between her legs to toggle her clit while Dana administered a dozen more thrusts, each more robust than the last.

"I'm coming!" Madeline wailed. She sealed her mouth to my pussy lips after that, muffling any further shouts, but she kept swirling her tongue in my syrupy depths as the orgasm rushed through her body.

"My turn," Dana said, moving Madeline aside. Madeline flopped onto the bed next to me, catching her breath. She'd brought me close to a mammoth climax of my own, but I hadn't quite got there yet, but Dana looked up for the challenge. She removed the strap-on, then got on top of me in reverse, sixty-nine style. This was my chance to return the favor Dana had done for me during our previous encounter. Looking up at her exotic red-haired bush, I stuck my tongue out and began to take my fill of her sex from below. Dana trembled atop me, moaning with satisfaction. She lowered her head to my pussy and started sucking so fiercely on my clit that I felt a climax rushing around the bend. Dana knew what to do. Her pillowy lips and lightning-quick tongue finished me off in grand style. "Yes, yes!" I bellowed, lost in the sublime sensations. But Dana was still on the cusp. "Eat her ass," I instructed Madeline.

Madeline, re-energized, came over and rimmed Dana's cute little anus from above, so that our lesbian friend had two tongues pleasuring her at once, lapping at both her holes. Our enthusiastic attack made Dana feverish and quickly pushed her to the edge—then over it. A guttural sound of bliss issued from her throat as she shuddered through a series of orgasmic convulsions.

When it was over, she gathered Madeline and me in a hug. "You girls learn fast," she said, beaming.

Madeline and I laughed.

"Yes," I said, "but it was the boys who got us going."



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Female Domination



By Nicholas Halpern

A photograph of a man with short dark hair, glasses, and a black t-shirt. He is wearing a black spiked collar around his neck. He is looking upwards and to the left. The background is a red brick wall with a wooden ceiling fan visible. The title 'The Domme Next Door' is overlaid in large white serif font.

The Domme Next Door

**Nicholas finds the answers to all of his
x-rated fantasies reside in the abode
of the dominatrice next door.**

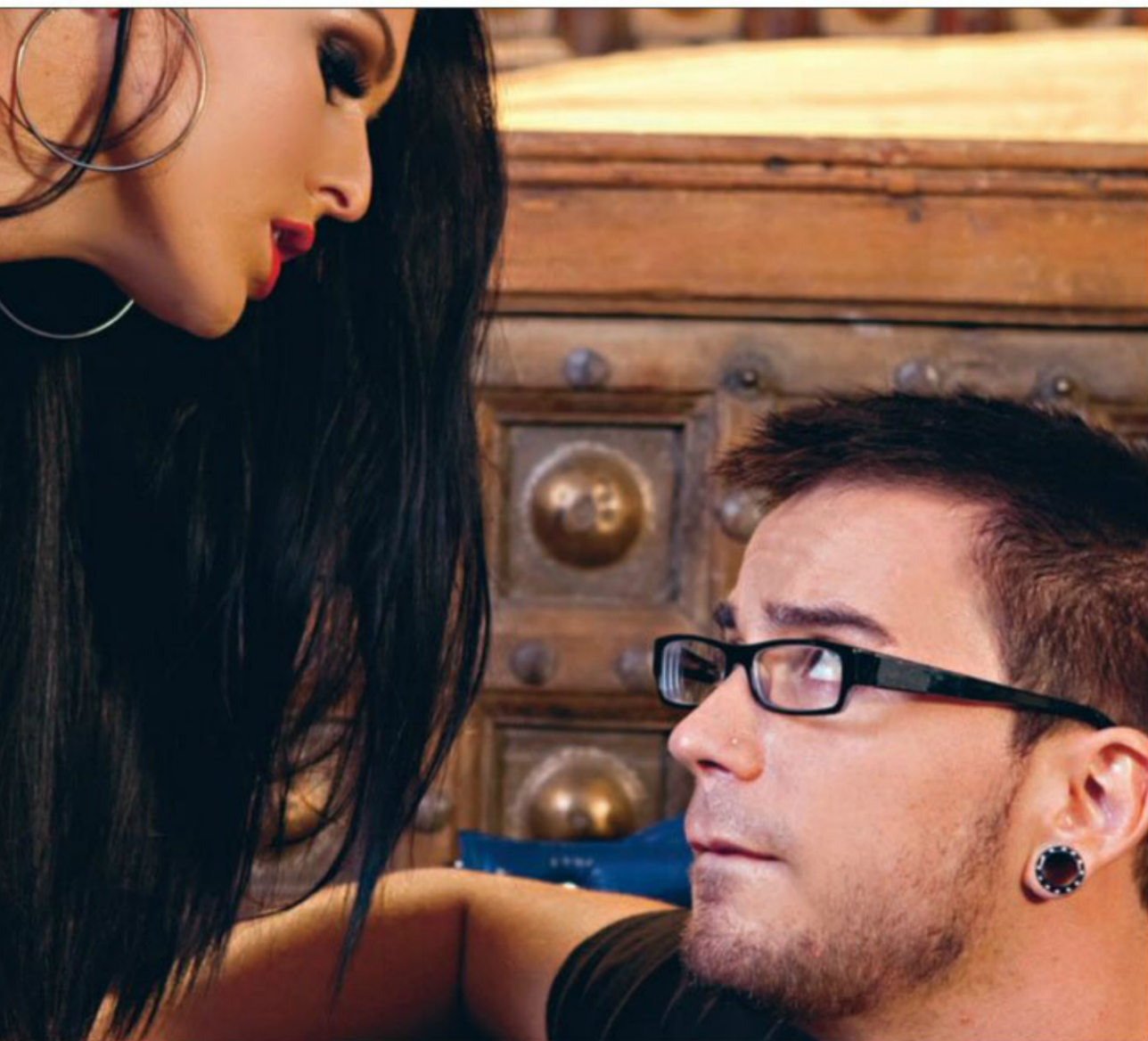


DON'T YOU FORGET IT!" I paused when I heard the stern tone in my landlady's voice. Her front door was open, but the screen door was still in place. Ms. Stevenson sounded put out in a major way. I hesitated on her porch, wondering whether I should knock to see if everything was all right. Part of me wanted to. Ms. Stevenson has always been helpful to me when I've needed a favor. But part of me was a little frightened. My landlady is a formidable woman. I was struck when I first met her by the fact that she could look me straight in the eye—which put her at my height, nearly six feet tall. Then, seeing her eye to eye, I'd noticed how beautiful she was. Her hair is the soft brown of melted caramel, and she generally wears

her curls pulled back in a tight ponytail that emphasizes the severely handsome features of her face.

But it's not simply that she's attractive—because many women are pretty. Ms. Stevenson always made me feel a little strange inside. I can hardly explain the sensation. Whenever she looked at me with those violet-blue eyes, I would feel my stomach tighten and my dick get hard. And I'd have these visions—inexplicable visions—of bowing down to her, of kissing her feet, of crawling on my hands and knees wherever she led. In my fantasies, leashes were involved. Even a collar.

Top all that off with the noises I've heard from her bungalow, and Ms. Stevenson had become my go-to girl where fantasies were concerned. See, my



landlady lives in the Spanish-style unit next to mine. Her bedroom window is directly across from my bedroom window. There's a small space between our two bungalows—a tiny patch of lawn that houses a birdbath. On warm nights, which are common in Southern California, we've both had our windows open at the same time. The sounds I've heard emanating from her place are hard to dismiss. I don't mean that she plays her stereo too loud or that her dinner guests get out of hand. The noises I'm referring to are moans, sighs and begging.

Such sweet begging.

Before I could decide whether or not to knock on the door, the screen opened and Ms. Stevenson burst out. She looked enflamed. Her hair was down for once, floating wildly around her face. Her

huge eyes looked larger than ever, and her mouth was set in a fierce line of obvious disappointment.

When she saw me standing there, she appeared momentarily startled by my presence. She caught herself quickly and asked in an even tone, "Nick, is there something I can do for you?" Except she didn't sound as if she wanted to do anything for me at all. She sounded as if she might want to do something *to* me, which I found both thrilling and frightening.

I balked. I'd been on my way to my own cottage when I'd heard her outburst. I didn't really know what to say. Did I confess to eavesdropping? Did I ask if I could do anything for her instead of vice versa?

"Well?" she'd clearly run out of her

last drop of patience. She couldn't even fake her occupational interest anymore. I took a deep breath, and then I said softly, "I heard you before. I didn't mean to. I wasn't trying to listen in on your conversation." I hesitated, and then courage won out over my fears. "Can I help you in some way?"

Ms. Stevenson leaned against the side of her house and regarded me carefully and intensely. I felt naked under her penetrating gaze. Could she see my desires? Did she know what I thought about when I jerked off in the shower? To my total surprise, she reached out and ran her fingertips under my jaw, tilting my head up. Then she smiled.

I remembered the sounds I'd heard coming from her window, and I hoped I was in store for whatever her previous dates had encountered.

When we reached her bedroom, Ms. Stevenson pushed me inside, and I stumbled forward. She kept coming at me until I had no choice but to climb on her bed. I hesitated there, facing her imperious beauty, and I saw the wicked way she was grinning.

"Undress," she said.

"Who were you talking to before?" I dared to ask.

"Un-dress."

I took off my clothes—my white t-shirt, my jeans, my boxers—and tossed

She dangled the
cuffs in front of my eyes, waiting for
my response. I don't know
if she *had* to cuff me, but I definitely
wanted her to cuff me.

"You know what, Nicholas?" she asked, and she opened the screen door and ushered me in ahead of her. "You just might."

I'd never been inside her cottage before. It was the same basic layout as mine, but unlike my fairly austere décor, Ms. Stevenson's pad was entirely tricked out in a style that would make any sex kitten proud. She had a sumptuous-looking black leather couch, a dark red rug with long fringe, and interesting nude artwork on the walls. As she moved me down the hallway, I realized that all the nudes were men—extremely muscular men. I didn't ask where we were going—she was obviously leading me to her bedroom—and I didn't ask why. But

them next to the bed. Ms. Stevenson kept all of her clothes on.

"Put your hands over your head."

I did what she said.

"What a nice, fat dick," she observed, and she seemed pleased.

My cheeks flushed. In my entire life, I'd never been inspected in such a clinical manner. Ms. Stevenson moved around the bed, checking me out from different angles, but her eyes kept returning to my crotch.

"I'm going to have fun playing with that dick of yours."

She came close to me, and she gave my stiffened penis a gentle swat. Groaning, I started to bring my hands down. Ms. Stevenson barked at me, "Keep your



hands over your head, Nick!”

I did what she said.

This time, she dragged her fingernails down the sides of my cock. Her nails were painted a deep, maraschino-cherry red. They were glossy and perfect. I wanted to suck her fingertips into my mouth. What a strange desire. I stared, mesmerized, as she continued to rake her nails on my most sensitive skin. Then she gave my balls an unexpected tug, making me moan again. I moved my hands once more. I don’t know what I thought I was going to do. I loved the way she was touching me, so I wasn’t intending to push her away. But for some reason, when she fondled my balls, my hands moved, as if on their own.

“Do I need to cuff you to make you behave?”

As she spoke, she reached into her bedside table drawer and brought out a set of silvery handcuffs. She dangled the cuffs in front of my eyes, and she arched a brow, waiting for my response. I nodded. I don’t know if she had to cuff me

or not, but I definitely *wanted* her to cuff me.

The only question I had was how she desired my body. She answered that silent query by pushing me back on the bed, straddling my chest and cuffing my wrists together.

Ms. Stevenson looked down with obvious delight. She had me exactly where she wanted me. This was clear to both of us. She moved forward a little bit, and her pussy was close enough to my face that I could smell her sensual fragrance. I waited to see what she would do next. Ms. Stevenson surprised me. She pulled her sundress up to show me a pair of tight silky panties beneath.

“Do you want to taste me?” she asked sexily.

“Yes,” I said quickly. Then, “Yes, Ma’am.”

She winked at me. “Good boy.” She didn’t take off her panties. She didn’t even slip them to the side. Instead, she moved to press her panty-clad pussy to my lips, and I darted out my tongue

and traced over her mound. She sighed and leaned back, shoving her pussy forward hard. I started to lap at her panties, and she seemed to really appreciate my tongue work. I was surprised when she pulled away, moving down on the bed to swat my dick again. I felt the pre-come start to slip from the tip. She wasn't hurting me with her hand, but she was definitely touching me in a way I'd never experienced before. Outside of my fantasies, at least.

The next thing Ms. Stevenson did was ask me to roll over. "Ask" is a generous word. What she actually said was, "On your stomach, boy," and I knew what she wanted. This wasn't easy. My dick was

position with my no-nonsense landlady. The only thing I was sad about was the fact that I had never made the first move before. All those time she was punishing some other stud, I could have been in this place.

Ms. Stevenson seemed to be having similar regrets.

"I've always wanted to spank this fine ass," she said. "Whenever you walk by in those formfitting jeans of yours. Whenever you go for a swim in the pool. I've always wanted to get my hands on these cheeks." For a moment, she simply set the paddle against my ass, resting it there. She gave me the opportunity to become accustomed to the way the cool

Ms. Stevenson spanked
me quickly, one blow right after the
next, and I fucked her
mattress with each stroke. I couldn't
help myself.

as hard as wood. But I gingerly maneuvered myself into the position she requested. She hung the chain on a hook above her pillows. I hadn't even seen the hook there. I felt my dick get even harder—if that was possible—at the thought that this dominant woman used cuffs so often she had a permanent hook installed in her wall. I wondered what she was going to do next. I didn't have to wonder long. In a flash, Ms. Stevenson brandished a paddle in front of my face.

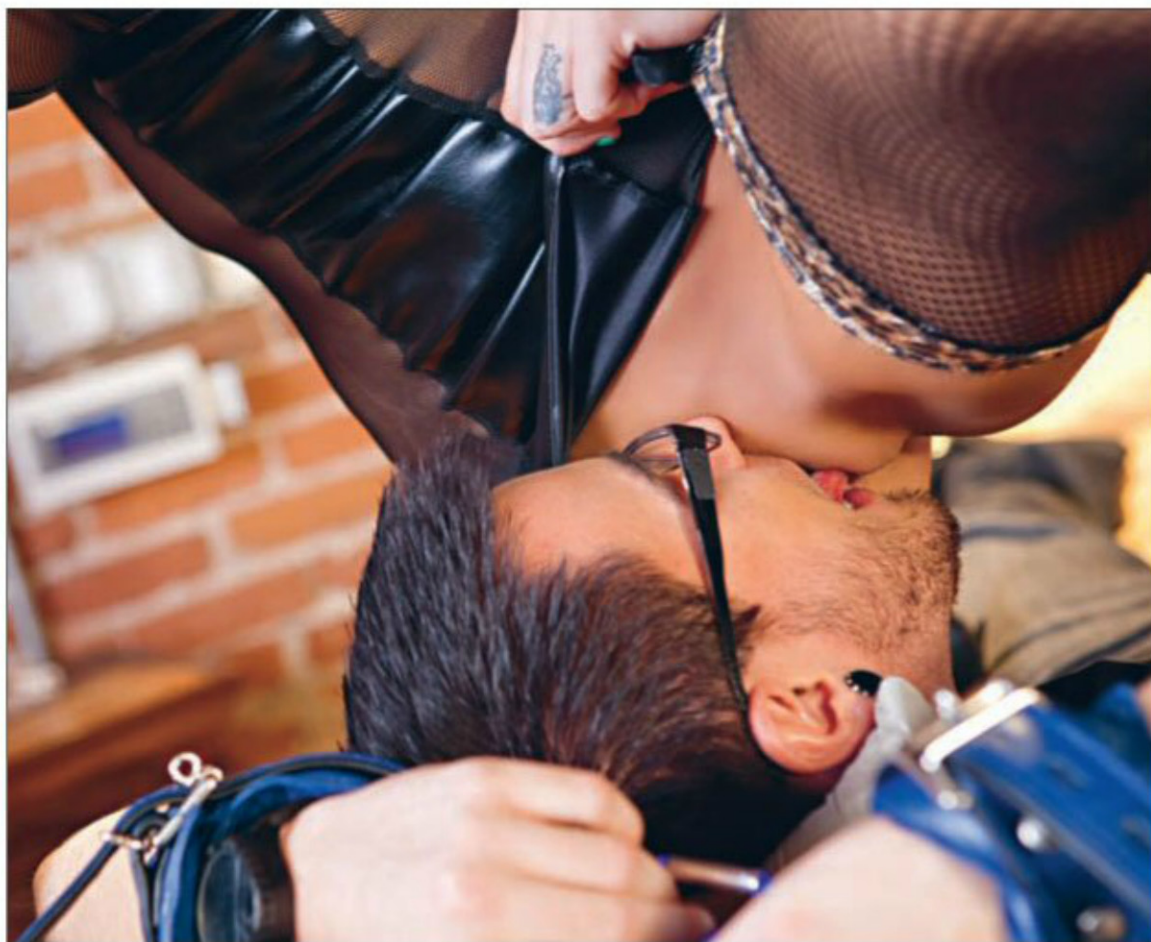
"Kiss my paddle if you want me to spank you," she said.

I didn't hesitate. I kissed the shiny surface. The noises I'd heard in the past were making all kinds of sense now. I was thrilled to have found myself in this

surface felt against my skin. Then she started. The paddle bounced against my asscheeks, spreading warmth throughout my hindquarters. I'd never been spanked by a lover before, and I found that I took to the sensation immediately.

Ms. Stevenson spanked me quickly, one blow right after the next, and I fucked her mattress with each stroke. I couldn't help myself. My hips twisted involuntarily. The pain became pleasure, and the pleasure took my breath away. At first, Ms. Stevenson ignored the obscene way my body responded to the punishment. In fact, when I snuck a glance in her direction, she seemed to be trying to fight off a smile.

Then she said, "You hold yourself



still. This is not about your pleasure in the least.” I was embarrassed that she’d had to chide me. “Remember, Nick,” she added, “I am not punishing you to give you what you want. This is about what *I* want.”

I tried to do what she said. I held my body in check when my hips attempted to buck. I absorbed the impact of the paddle. All thoughts were focused on my dick. My dick had a mind of its own. Each time Ms. Stevenson struck a blow, my cock twitched. I had fantasized about scenarios like this, but I’d had no idea what the reality would be like. The reality was far sexier than I could have imagined.

Ms. Stevenson paddled me until it seemed that she was tired of the activity. Then she pulled something new from her drawer. A cock in a harness dangled in front of my eyes. “Kiss my cock if you want me to fuck you with this,” she said. I could hear the glee in her voice. I tried to kiss the dildo, but she kept pulling the toy out of my reach. I did my best

to capture the dickhead in my mouth, to no avail. I would not let her down. I understood she was testing me. If I gave up, then I could guess what would happen—she’d reach for the silver key I saw tied with a red ribbon on her bedside table. The last thing I wanted was to be set free.

I made a truly desperate grab at the cock, and Ms. Stevenson finally took pity on me and let me catch the toy with my mouth. For several seconds, she allowed me to work the dick in my mouth. This was another new pastime for me. I had never had any sort of dick between my lips—toy or otherwise. But I know how I like my own cock sucked, and I gave Ms. Stevenson my all, slurping and licking her pretty blue toy. She appeared to appreciate the way I was working that rod for her, because she helped me by thrusting the cock deeper into my mouth. Oh, fuck was that sexy. I felt fulfilled in a way I wouldn’t have dreamed was real. Here I was, my wrists cuffed in my landlady’s bed, sucking on a toy as if I had no

inhibitions whatsoever.

“Let’s try this a new way,” she said, and she petted my hair to let me know I was doing a good job.

Quick as a cat, she took off her clothes and fastened on the harness. She removed the handcuffs from the hook, but she didn’t unlock them. Next, she had me get on my hands and knees, and now blowing her was something else. She took total control of the speed and rhythm. I was as much her toy as the dildo—hers to use for her own carnal gratification. I struggled to give her the best blowjob she’d ever had. I’d heard the sounds of her previous lovers, after all. I wanted to be a keeper. I wanted to show her desperately that I was worth the trouble.

“You know where this is going, don’t you?” she asked.

I felt that she expected a response, but my mouth was all full of her cock. Still, I did my best to mumble around the toy: “In my ass.”

“Bingo,” she said, and she pulled away and settled back on her haunches as she grabbed a large bottle from her nightstand. You’ve got to love a woman who buys lube in the industrial size. My dick was throbbing with pent-up desire. She lubed up her tube, and then she taunted me by simply stroking her fist up and down the plastic shaft. I wanted her fist on me, or her dick in my ass, or better yet—both. Basically, I wanted something. Ms. Stevenson understood my unspoken desires. Taking pity on me, she moved around my body and introduced me to her synthetic dick. I cried out at the initial thrust. I’d never had anything in me like that before. Ms. Stevenson didn’t hesitate. She banged me as if I were her favorite fuck-toy. I felt myself melting into her mattress with every thrust. When she reached beneath me to rake her fingernails over the sensitive skin on my balls, I shuddered all over.

This was definitely a night of firsts. My first time giving a blowjob. My first time ever receiving during anal sex. I

could feel the excitement building inside me, and I knew I would not be able to stave off the powerful climax threatening to overtake me. I moaned, and the noise reverberated in the air around us. There was no denying the hunger in that sound.

“Are you going to come?” she demanded harshly.

“Yes,” I sighed, and then I realized that might not have been the proper response to a dominatrice, which is obviously what Ms. Stevenson was. “Please?” I added.

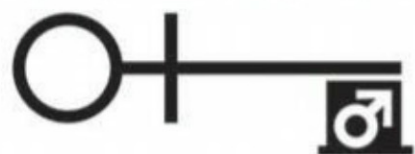
“You may come,” she said, magnanimously, and I creamed all over her sheets. She didn’t waste any time. She undid the harness and the cuffs. Then she had me get on my back and she straddled my face once more. I didn’t have to be told what to do. Thrilled to really be able to taste her and not simply work her through her panties, I sucked and lapped at her honeyed triangle until her juices were coating my lips and tongue and Ms. Stevenson was tugging my hair and calling me her bad boy.

GETTING HER OFF was one of the most gratifying experiences of my entire life. I sucked her swollen clit into my mouth, and she cried out and writhed on top of my face until every last drop of her nectar had been swept clean by my tongue.

I wondered what she would have me do next. I hoped she wasn’t done with me. Luckily for me, she wasn’t. She turned around and parted the cheeks of her ass, settling herself into a position that allowed me to rim her. I teased her cute little rosebud opening with as much finesse as I’d worked her clit. She was the one to sigh then, and I felt as if I’d won some great award. I had made my mistress sigh with obvious pleasure. I had the immediate desire to make her do that again.

Ms. Stevenson was able to get her hand around my dick while I pleasured her. She began to reward me with strokes

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on my rapidly reawakening cock when I pleased her with my tongue. When I started to actually tongue-fuck her asshole, she poured lube over my cock and got me good and messy with the lubricant.

She seemed to come from the rimming, because she cried out with delight the same way she had when I'd licked her clit. Maybe I ought to have guessed what was going to happen next, but I didn't. I was hazy with sex happiness. Ms. Stevenson said, "Nick, I'm going to give you a special treat."

I couldn't wait.

"I'm going to let you fuck my ass. Would you like that?"

landlady wanted me to fuck her. I should have realized that she didn't. She was going to fuck me. Even with anal, Ms. Stevenson was a woman in charge. She spread the cheeks of her ass, opening her hole so that she could take me all the way in. Then she slowly sat down on my dick. She was the one to set the rhythm of the ride, which is of course how it should have been. She powered herself up and down my pole with speed and alacrity. I could tell I was going to come again, and I hoped I could wait until she reached her limits first.

Thrillingly, something even better happened. We came together. Ms. Stevenson's muscles milked the come right

We came together.
Ms. Stevenson's muscles milked the
come right out of me,
and I shot into her back hole until I was
completely spent.

I nodded, and then said, "Yes, Ms. Stevenson. Yes, Ma'am."

"But I don't want to leave you out of the fun," she said, and she rummaged in her drawer until she found a good-sized butt plug. She raised my legs and added a lot of lube to my hole. Then she started to push the plug in me. I was so turned on I couldn't even speak. She watched my face the whole time, and she said, "You're being really stretched out back there, my dear boy, aren't you?" I nodded helplessly. "And you like the way that feels?"

"Yes," I squeaked. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good."

One firm thrust, and the toy was all the way up in me. I wondered how my

out of me, and I shot into her back hole until I was completely spent.

When she rolled off me, my landlady had a look of complete satisfaction on her face. I felt well used and incredibly pleased. But I was still curious about her phone call of earlier. As she extricated the butt plug from my ass, I dared query her.

"One of my subs was supposed to come by tonight, but he cancelled at the last minute. I needed to get out a little aggression. You came by just in the nick of time."

Since I live right next door, Ms. Stevenson has promised to put me into her regular rotation. I told her I'd be her Nick anytime she wanted.



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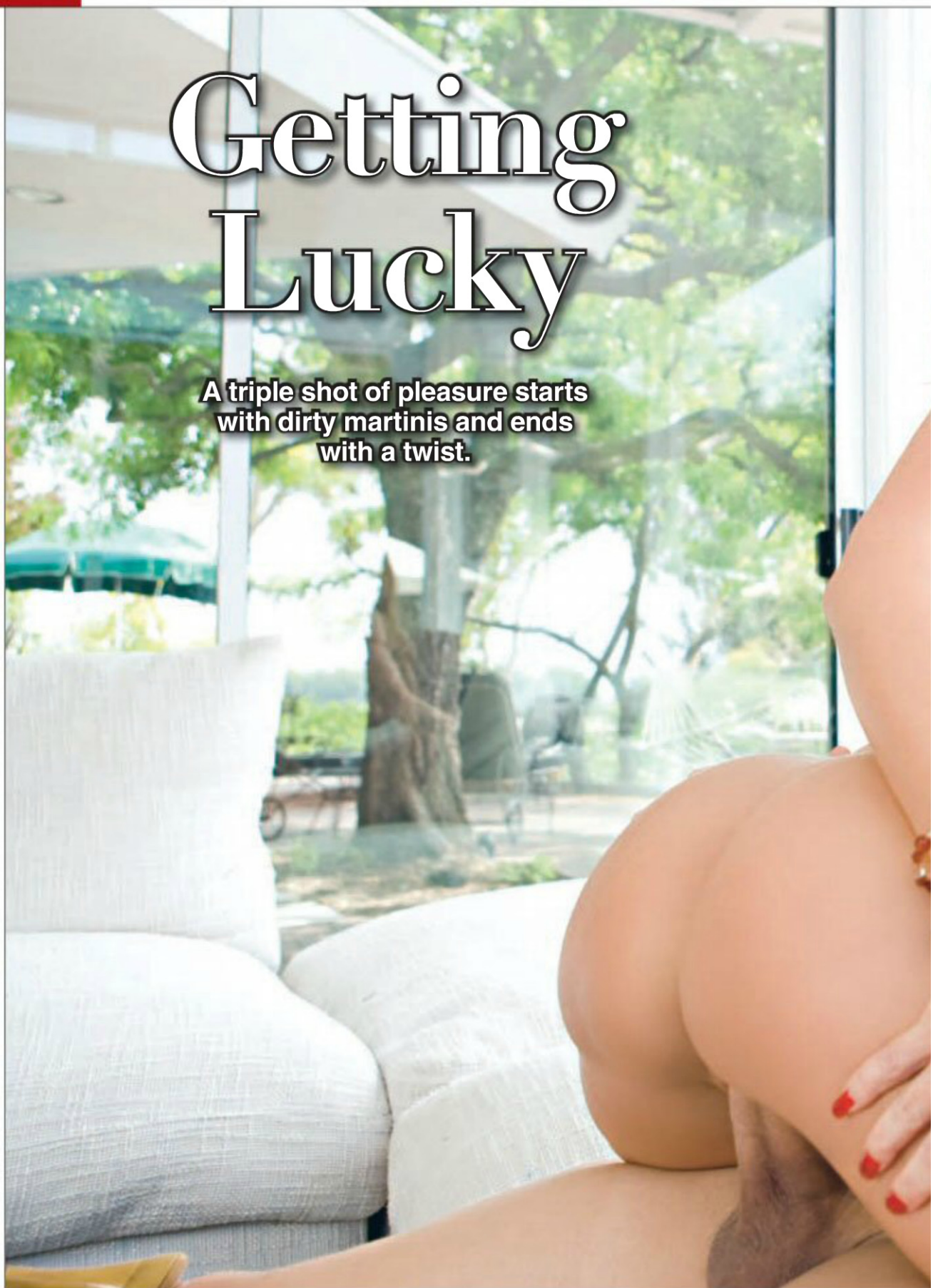
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Casual Encounters

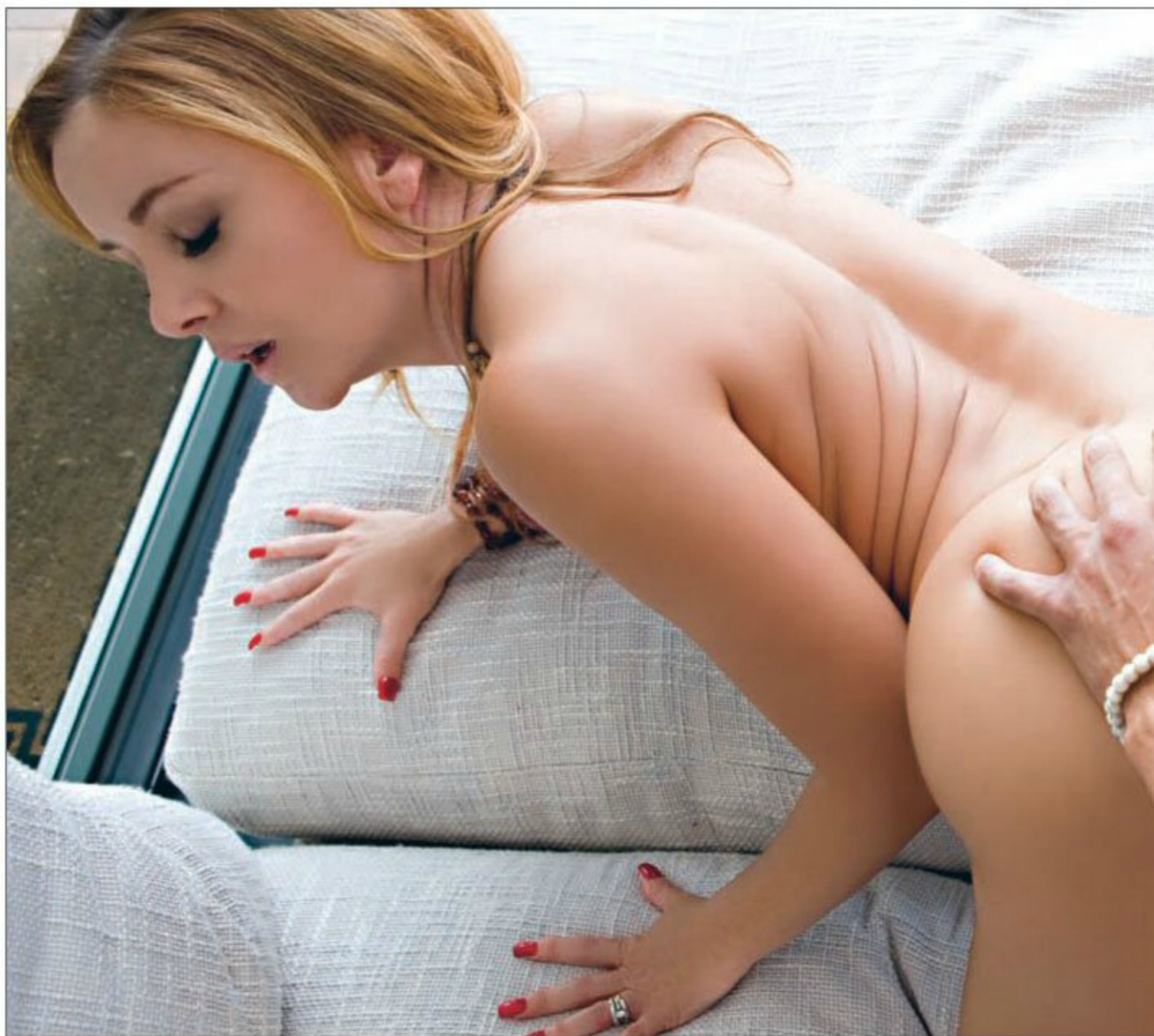
Getting Lucky

**A triple shot of pleasure starts
with dirty martinis and ends
with a twist.**



By Erica Rodriguez





WHEN MY FRIEND Morgan asked me to join her on her date, I balked. “Why would you want me to come?” I asked, confused. “I’ll be that third wheel you hear about in country-western songs.”

“I don’t know how I feel about Mike,” she confessed. “If you’re there, it would be less of a date and more of an . . .”

“Awkward gathering of people?”

“Something along those lines. And who knows. Maybe you’ll get lucky.”

Morgan’s one of my closest friends, so I agreed. Against my better judgment. Against everything that I know to be true about people. Because what would I have spent my time doing instead? I’d been single for long enough that a night out, even as a human buffer, sounded

more exciting than a night in.

I entertained myself by dressing the part of a chaperone. I selected a black dress with a white collar and white cuffs, and I wore prim, high-heeled mules. I didn’t want to outshine Morgan, but I thought that if I was supposed to be there as her escape hatch, I could at least look sophisticatedly slinky.

The bar was one of those high-end places, very much a couple’s date spot. Lots of chrome and cleverly placed halogen lights. I was pleased with my chosen outfit, but I felt uncomfortable right from the start. I’m not sure what I thought would happen. At the bar, I wound up sitting on Morgan’s right while she and Mike hit it off. The three of us were in a line, and Morgan had her back to me the entire time. I began to play with the



cobalt plastic sword that had held my three olives in my dirty martini. Morgan seemed to completely forget I was even there. That's why I started talking to the man on my right.

He was solo, nursing a drink, and he seemed surprised when I opened the conversation. "So are *you* here with two other people?"

"No," he said, obviously baffled by the query. "Should I be?"

"Oh, I am," I said, and I tried to act proud of the fact. "But they're ignoring me." I said this as if this was the best thing ever.

"Is this a kinky new trend?" he asked me. He seemed delighted that I'd begun talking to him.

"I hope not," I said seriously, "Or I'll have lost my faith in kink."

"Don't do that." His brown eyes glowed, and he moved a little closer to me. I started to feel less despondent about the evening. He was attractive and attentive, with dark curls and a wicked smile. I wasn't looking for anything more.

"What about *more* than two?" he asked, getting into my game. "Is it better to come with a whole group of people who ignore you?"

"I haven't tried that yet," I said. "How's coming on your own working for you?"

"I'd rather come with someone else," he said, and I laughed into my drink. All was definitely not lost tonight.

At this point, Morgan turned to me and pecked me on the cheek. "Thanks for everything, Erica," she said, putting

money down on the bar to pay for my drink. She looked positively guilty in a way her ten-spot was not going to cover. “Mike and I are going to get a quick bite.”

“A quick bite,” I heard the man next to me whisper under his breath. “Sounds good to me.”

I said good-bye to Morgan and her date, feeling elated. Now, I didn’t care that I’d been the third wheel. I didn’t care that Morgan was ditching me. The man had his hand on my thigh, high enough to send shivers through me. I pretended to be very interested in my plastic sword. I didn’t stop him when he leaned in even closer. He took that for what it was: an invitation. Just to make myself completely clear, I tossed my hair over my left shoulder, exposing the line of my neck. Quickly, he leaned down and nipped my bare skin. A delicious warmth spread through me. He was upright in a flash, sipping from his whiskey, as if nothing had happened. As if he hadn’t just given me a love bite in the center of a crowded bar.

“Do you want another drink?”

I shook my head.

“Do you want to get out of here?”

I nodded. And then I realized I didn’t even know his name. I also realized I didn’t care. This wasn’t about names. This was about the heat I felt when he held my hand to lead me through the throng of hipsters to the door. This was about the way he put an arm around my shoulders, sending a flare of desire throughout my entire body. How long had it been since I’d last felt an instant connection? Too long, definitely, if I couldn’t even remember.

We shared a cab to his place, and along the way I got the details that usually come before you know you’re going to fuck someone. In between the hottest taxi makeout session of all time, I learned he was a banker, worked in a building near the one where I worked, and he had been on his own because a friend had stood him up.

It looked as if tonight was our lucky night.

At a pause in the kissing, he said, “My name’s James, by the way,” and the taxi driver—obviously listening in—laughed. We had clearly seemed like people who knew each other based on our actions.

When I put my hand on his crotch, I could feel how hard his dick was. He sighed and closed his eyes for a second. We were in tune. I ran my palm up and down his shaft through his slacks. He bit down on a groan. We reached his building before I could bend down to blow him, but not before I discovered that he had a sizeable dick in his pants.

The whole evening was taking on a fairy-tale quality. The sensation grew stronger when we entered the elevator in his building. There were mirrors on three of the walls. James had me in his arms right after hitting the button for his floor. I’ve always felt that kissing is a stellar way to get a feel for someone’s sexual prowess. Good kissing can equal incredibly good sex. Bad kissing doesn’t offer much promise. James was definitely a good kisser. Better than good, because he kept his hands in motion, stroking me through my dress, cradling me and pulling me close. I was breathless when we parted, and a little dazed, quite honestly, when he led me from the elevator and down the carpeted hall to his apartment.

Since this wasn’t a date, we didn’t have to engage in any stupid small talk. I didn’t need a friend along to guide me forward or act as an escape hatch. James and I knew precisely what we were going to do. The only question really was where. We made it into his pad, and I had the time to kick off my shoes before he lifted me in his arms and carried me to his living room. He set me down on a large, white sofa, and then he stood and grabbed a box of matches from a basket on his table. In seconds, he had lit two candles on the mantel. The room was bathed in the flickering light. His living room was decorated in a classy, masculine way. There wasn’t

much to get in the way of the view of the city outside his windows. On a different kind of date, I would have talked to him about the magazines on his coffee table. The row of antique toy cars on a shelf. Tonight, I didn't have to.

This was about fucking. And oh, did that ever turn me on.

I stared at him as he took off his jacket and tossed it over the arm of the sofa. We were both smiling at each other. This felt natural and easy in a way I hadn't experienced lately. All I wanted was to make love to this man, but I did appreciate his soft touch. He wasn't in a rush, and that made me look forward to our ultimate connection even more.

He spread the black fabric to reveal my simple bra-and-panty set. I hadn't expected anyone else to see, so I'd selected the first items I'd found in my drawer. They were no-frills nude, but James seemed to like them. He let his fingertips trace over the cups of my bra, then wandered his hand along my belly to my panties.

Here he found what he was looking for. "You're so wet," he said.

"I've been wet since you bit me," I confessed.

"You liked that?"

"Loved that."

He winked at me and brought his mouth to the inside of my thigh and

I felt open in a way
that thrilled me. We had nothing
to prove. It was clear to
both of us that what we shared was a
carnal connection.

There was an old-fashioned stereo along one wall, and he put on an album—surprising me by choosing something I would have selected myself. I could feel all the energy rocketing through me. The kisses we'd shared in the taxi and the elevator had amped me up. I was almost to the point of touching myself when he returned to the sofa and started to undo the buttons on my dress. I was practically humming with happiness.

When I'd dressed for the evening, my only goal was to put on something semi-attractive to play the role of chaperone for Morgan. The primness of the dress made what we were doing now seem even more spectacularly sexy to me. James had the buttons open in no time.

nipped me again. I squealed and twisted my fingers in his curly hair. He bit me again, a little harder, and I could feel the wetness in my pussy start to spread.

"What else do you like?" he asked me. His eyes were glittery in the candlelight. I felt open in a way that thrilled me. We had nothing to prove. It was clear to the both of us that what we shared was a carnal connection. So with that freedom came my ability to tell him exactly what I desired.

"I like sixty-nining," I said.

"I like that, too," James told me, and he undid my bra deftly and sat back on his heels, watching as I kicked off my panties. I made a motion toward him. He was way behind as far as the undressing

thing was concerned. James stripped for me without any awkwardness. He looked proud of his body as he took off his shirt, pants and boxers. Then he moved me so that he was underneath me on the large sofa and I was astride him.

His cock was hard and ready. I wrapped my fist around the shaft and brought my lips to the tip. He moaned, which let me know I was doing something right. I licked again, and he sighed. But he didn't let me do all the work. He spread my pussy lips and began to lick my clit while I devoured his dick.

Only an hour before—less than an hour, probably—we'd been sitting side by side at a bar. Two total strangers. If

I came. Hard. But I let him know how sublime he'd made me feel by sighing against his cock. That increased his pleasure, and in no time he had reached his peak. To my surprise, he pulled back before I could swallow his load. Instead, he painted my lips and face.

He splattered me good. Even my eyelashes felt the droplets of his semen. I was laughing at the mess of it all, and James started laughing, too.

"Shower?" he offered.

I wiped my face on my arm and nodded. He took me to his master bath and flipped on the hot water. I washed my face in his sink, and when I patted my face dry with one of his towels, I saw

I was getting to know
his dick intimately. I started to work
him faster, and James
echoed the speed and friction with his
lips around my clit.

I hadn't spoken to him, we might never have met. I'd have gone home to a lonely bed, and he would have done the same. Instead, I was getting to know his dick intimately. I started to work him a little faster, and James echoed the speed and friction with his lips around my clit. The sensation was delightful, and I had to force myself to focus on the cock at hand. Part of me simply wanted to melt against him and let him take me away. But that wouldn't have been fair. The true fun in sixty-nining is trying to concentrate on two factions at once—giving and receiving pleasure.

Ultimately, I lost my battle because James was too talented with his tongue. He crested the tip over my clit, and

that he was staring at me.

"You're so beautiful," he said.

I felt my cheeks go pink.

"I can't wait to fuck you."

I was pleased to see that his cock was firm again. He got behind me and held my hips. I felt his cockhead nudge my pussy lips and enter, and I sucked in my breath as he continued. He stared at our reflection in the mirror until the steam from the shower clouded the glass. I let one hand slide down my body as he worked me. My pussy was still spasming from my earlier release.

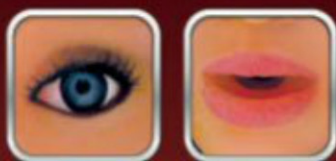
"I love how juicy you are," James whispered. His cock pounded into me, stroking all the perfect spots inside me. He brought me close to a second climax,

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but he didn't let me reach the end. Pulling out, he said, "Let's continue this in the shower."

I got into the large, glassed-in square with him. He took the showerhead down, and I saw that it was the type to feature a massaging nozzle.

"Spread your legs," he said.

I liked the authoritative tone of his voice, and I obeyed him immediately. "Hold your lips open," he said next. My fingers hurried to do what he said. James brought the nozzle down between my legs. I bit my lip. The pounding rhythm of the spray was intense. I could feel how turned on I was. My whole body seemed to be on the verge of coming. Every

down on me. When I was on the verge, I told James. "I'm going to come," I murmured. He grabbed up the nozzle again, and this time, he aimed the spray between us, so I could feel the water on my ass as his cock drove into me. I came louder than I had before, my cries echoing against the tiled walls. James followed a beat later, coming all over my back and then spraying me clean.

After that, we both dried ourselves off. I found myself almost giddy on endorphins. This is what I'd needed for months. I simply hadn't realized that I'd been craving male companionship to such a desperate level. I felt at ease, relaxed, as if I'd just taken a yoga class or

I came louder
than I had before, my cries echoing
against the tiled walls.
James followed a beat later, coming
all over my back.

nerve ending sang out with pleasure.

"Now, you," I said, and I took the massager from my new lover. James looked at me with his eyebrows raised. I turned the massager onto a gentle setting and let the water tickle his balls. James closed his eyes and leaned back against the wall. I ran the spray up and down his cock. He groaned. I continued to play with the speed and the rhythm until James couldn't hold back any longer. He took the massager and hung it back in place. Then he had me face the wall and he started to fuck me from behind.

The warmth of the shower and the strength of his cock took me higher and higher. I braced my palms on the tiled wall and felt the shower spray rain

had a full-body massage.

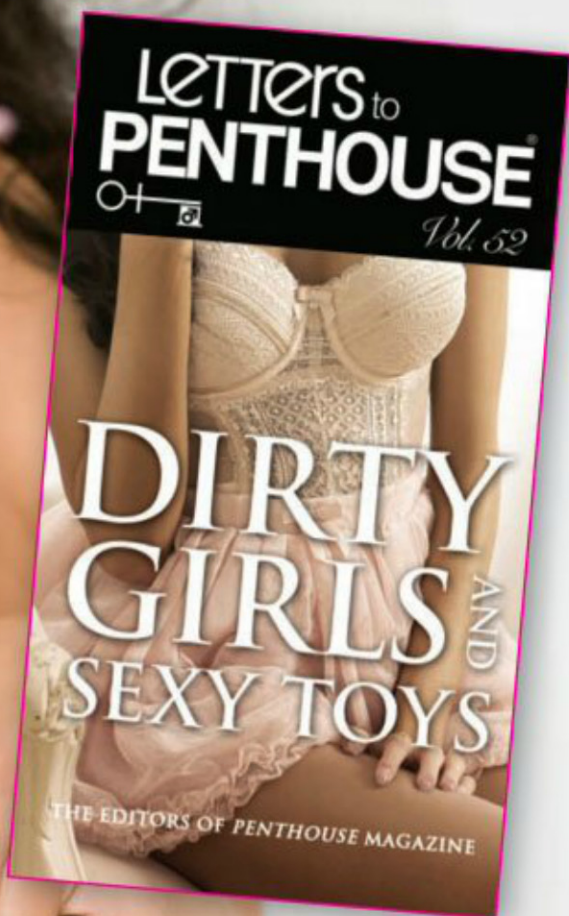
We walked out of the bathroom through a second door, entering James's bedroom. I shot him a glance. He cocked a brow. There was a bed. So far, we'd made love on the sofa and in the shower. Why not try a more traditional approach?

James seemed to sense what I was thinking. He lunged for me, and I fell into his embrace, giggling as he maneuvered us both onto the mattress. I wondered which position James would want to try. He answered that question quickly by lying on his back and pulling me astride him, cowgirl-style.

"This way I get to look at your beautiful . . ."

"Tits?" I asked.

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“I was going to say eyes,” he said, “but now that you mention them.” He cradled my breasts in his hands. I arched into his palms, and he pinched my nipples, making me squirm on his dick.

“So you like being bitten,” he said, “and you like being pinched. I’m starting to see a trend here.”

“And you like . . .” I started.

“Everything,” he said. “With the right partner.”

I started to power myself up and down his cock using my thigh muscles. James looked transported. I squeezed him with my pussy each time I slid down his pole. He maintained constant contact with my breasts, rubbing my nipples with his

He got a glimmer in his eyes. I’d nailed him.

“Do it,” I said. “Give me a pearl necklace. Shoot all over me.”

James gave me a few more strokes, then he pulled out and used his fist to aim his cock at my throat. He decorated me with his come, and I was lit up at how pleased he looked. He even sat me up in the bed, showing me my reflection in the mirror over his dresser.

“You can rinse off again if you want,” he said.

I nodded and headed back into the bathroom. But when I got out of the shower, I found myself feeling insecure for the first time of the evening. Would

He cradled my
breasts in his hands. I arched into
his palms, and he pinched
my nipples, making me squirm on
his dick.

thumbs, then pinching them again. When I whinnied with pleasure, he ran one hand down my belly to my pussy, and he started to very lightly pinch my clit. I nearly lost my mind then. I was coming in almost no time, coming so hard that I felt lightheaded. James took charge, flipping us over so that he was on top, moving me so that my legs were hooked over his shoulders. He set the pace now, slamming his thick cock inside me, still remembering to tweak my nipples and pinch my clit in between strokes.

“I know what you like,” I managed to whisper.

“Everything,” he echoed his earlier statement.

“You like coming on women,” I said.

James want me to leave? What was the appropriate way to behave after fucking someone you’d just met at a bar.

“Dirty martini, right?” he asked when I returned to the bedroom. He had on his boxers and he’d brought my panties and a t-shirt to slip on. By the bedside table was a fresh drink made to perfection. But when I saw that his pole was hard once more, I decided that the drink could wait. Until later.

“So how did coming with another person work for you?” I asked as I rubbed my palm over his erection through his boxers.

“I think I liked it,” he said, pulling them down, “but let’s do that again just to be sure.”



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HUNKY PIZZA GUY ALSO DELIVERS EARTH-SHATTERING ORGASMS

"What toppings would you like?" the baritone voice asked.

Yes, I wanted to be topped. I wanted Joel to top me any which way he desired. But I said, "Pepperoni and olives."

"Rochelle's Regular." I could hear the smile in Joel's voice. Since I'd moved into the neighborhood, I phoned in an order at least once a week. Every time I called, I thought of telling Joel what I really wanted to devour. My carnal cravings didn't have anything to do with pizza but everything to do with my sexual appetite.

"Be there in forty-five minutes," he said. "The weather is slowing everything down."

The snow was falling hard and heavy, but my apartment was dry and toasty. In fact, on that stormy night the thermostat was set to even a little more than pleasurable warm. When you know sex is on the menu, you make preparations. At least, I do.

I checked my hair in the mirror. I checked to make sure the front light was on. I checked everything I could possibly check, and then I checked all those things again.

Finally, the doorbell sounded. I was in a snug t-shirt and gray yoga pants—the kind that recently made the news as being obscene. They were formfitting and outlined the curves of my hips and ass. I hurried to open the door. Outside stood Joel, my favorite delivery boy from my favorite pizza parlor.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "The roads are wicked tonight."

That's not all that's wicked, I thought, as I looked him up and down. He was, in a



phrase, good enough to eat—slicked back black hair, coffee-colored eyes. The rest of his package was seriously bundled against the evening's chill. Thoughtfully, I invited him in. He set the pizza down on my hall-way table and then looked at me expectantly. I shut the door so that the snow wouldn't blow inside. I knew he expected me to hand him payment and a tip—but I wanted something else. I wanted to handle his tip. But how could I put that into words without seeming uncouth?

"It looks really bad out," I offered. "Maybe you should stay here for a little bit."

He started to protest. He was accustomed to handling himself in all sorts of weather. But then he must have sensed something in the air, something far sexier than the smell of pepperoni.

"Maybe I should," he said. "I'll just call work."

I showed him my phone in the kitchen, and then I headed to the living room.

"You were my last delivery," he said as he entered the room. "So no problem . . ." He stopped mid-sentence.

I was naked—entirely, totally naked. Joel looked surprised, but not displeased. "I don't know how many pizzas I've ordered," I told him, "in hopes that you'd make a pass. Now, I'm making one for you."

Joel grinned at me and took off his jacket. He was still more dressed than I was, but I could tell his cold hands were making unbuttoning his shirt difficult. I came forward and helped him. He kicked off his boots, and I worked the buckle of his belt,

then undid his fly and pulled his jeans down.

His cock bobbed up to greet me. I sank to my knees and wrapped my lips around the head. Oh, heaven. How long had I fantasized about drinking from Joel's cock? Ever since he'd shown up with my first pizza order, I had lost myself in daydreams of ordering off the menu.

Joel put his hands on my shoulders to steady me—or to steady himself—and let me blow him. I slid my lips up and down his thick, hard dick, and I felt my pussy growing wetter by the second. Joel groaned and began to work my mouth to his own private rhythm, stroking his rod in and out of the warm, wet heat until I tasted his salty pre-come.

"Wait," I said, backing up. I wanted to experience his dick in more ways than only oral. I turned around and presented myself to him on all fours. Joel quickly got behind me on the carpet. I thought for sure he'd slam into me, but he surprised me. He ducked down so he could trick his tongue up and down my split, and I was the one to make noise now.

"Oh, Jesus," I sighed, resting my head on my bent arms as I lifted my hips to increase his access.

"You're so sweet," he murmured, "exactly as I fantasized you'd taste."

So we'd been on the same wavelength. And I'd somehow lost out on fucking him all spring and summer by not having the nerve before now. But I was going to make up for lost time. Joel brought his fingertips to my clit and started to rub my button while he licked me. He seemed to instinctively understand the pressure I desired. His fingers were

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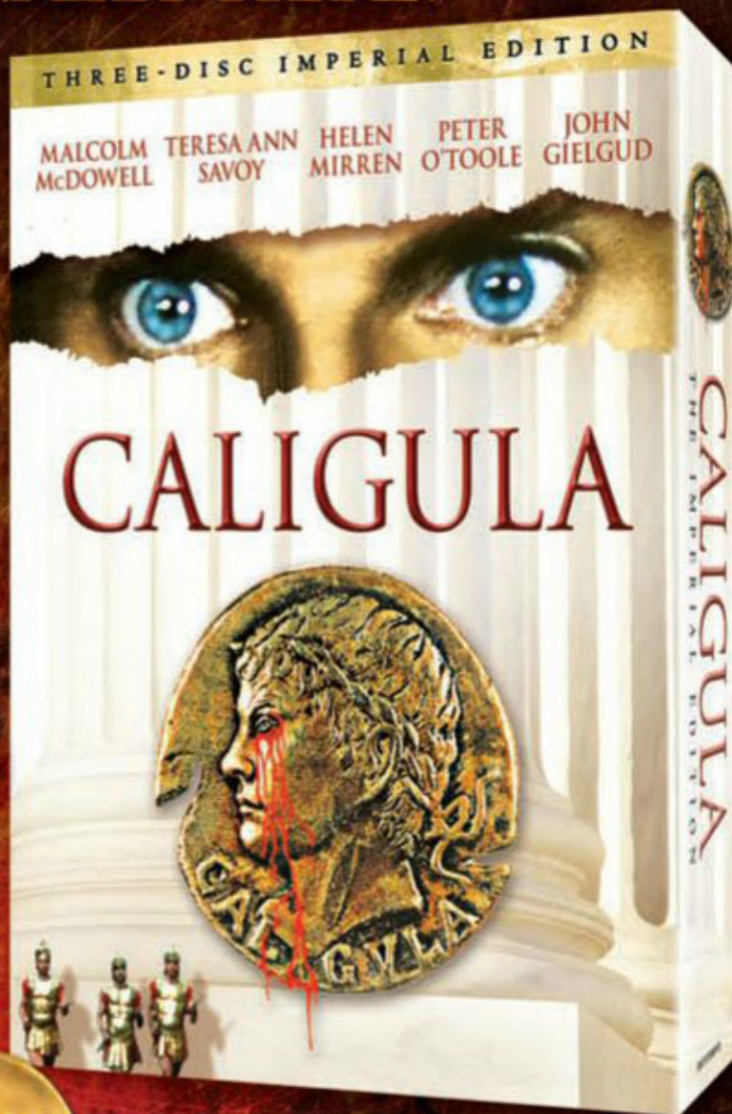
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gentler than I would have guessed, and he diddled me perfectly, so that I was humming under my breath as the pleasure rose within. When I reached my first climax, I cried out. Joel took that as a sign I was ready for more, and he moved back and then pressed his spit-slick cock to my opening.

"Oh, yes," I sighed as he slid in the first inch. "Oh, Joel."

He held me firmly and thrust forward, and my pussy began to tighten around his perfect dick. I lit up inside as Joel drove into me hard and fast.

jacked his cock until the skin shone. The he motioned for me to turn around again. In seconds, he had me greasy with the lubrication, and he was holding the creamy moons of my cheeks open to expose my little asshole.

"This is what I've been waiting for," Joel confessed. "This is what I've thought of every time you make your way into my fantasies."

"Tell me," I begged.

"All I've wanted to do was take your ass," he said. "When you answered the door last spring in those



Before I could come again, he said something I was unprepared for. "Do you have any lube?"

"Lube," I echoed, realizing what that word meant and craving all the x-rated possibilities that went along with it.

I practically tripped over myself in my haste to run for the bathroom and grab the bottle. I returned to the living room with a scarlet towel, which I spread on the floor, and the lube, which I handed to Joel. I watched, mesmerized, as he poured out a handful of the glossy liquid and

pink short-shorts, it took everything I had in me not to beg you to let me inside."

I knew the shorts. I remembered the look on his face when I'd opened the door. Again, I was sad that we'd missed fucking for all those months in between spring and now. But I was truly secure in the fact that Joel and I would take advantage of our connection from now on.

"Fuck me like that," I said, panting. "Fuck me just how you imagined."

Then he was in me. Had I thought being fucked by that dick was ex-

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ceptional? Having his rod in my ass took me to a higher level. I pawed at my clit with one hand, moaning as he worked me fiercely with his divine tool. I even reached my hand between my legs to fondle his balls as he screwed me. He was such a gentleman—staving off his own pleasure until I whimpered that I was coming. Only then did he truly pound me, pummeling me flat into the towel as he shot off inside my ass.

After that, we sat in stunned silence, in awe of what had transpired. Then I slid my clothes back on, and while Joel cleaned up in the bathroom, I went and put slices of pizza on two plates.

We needed sustenance—before the next round.

*Ms. Rochelle S.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

NEW TO TOWN, THEY GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE NAUGHTY NEIGHBORHOOD SWING SET

Being new to the neighborhood, Becky and I accepted any invitation extended to us from our neighbors. At our first barbeque, we were intrigued by a couple from one street over, Jack and Abby. They were a dynamic pair. He was tall and solid with a shock of silvering hair and bright blue eyes. She was lean and elegant with impeccably dyed blonde hair, a superb figure and dark brown eyes.

They were instantly friendly, and we were instantly appreciative.

We'd managed to get a semi-secluded spot by the picnic table, drinking wine and talking about everything from lawn care to the coming football season to Jack's job as a physical therapist specializing in sports injuries. So I didn't think anything of it when Abby squeezed Becky's hand and said, "You really should come over for drinks Friday. We'd love to have you."

It was just another invitation from our neighbors, who were turning out to be rather welcoming.

Once we'd left the party, Becky said, "They want to fuck us."

"I . . . what?" I was confused. Beyond confused.

"They want to swing. Swap. He wants to be with me. She wants to be with you." She spoke matter-of-factly with a small smile.

"And you know this how?"

She laughed. "Hey, I went to college."

"Well, so did I, and I didn't hear that kind of invitation!"

She shrugged. "I'm just saying, it's a feeling I got. So if we go, then we have to be prepared to be propositioned."

We were nearly to our front door. "And how do you feel about that?" I asked, curious.

Becky took my hand and squeezed squeezed it, the way Abby had held hers. "If you're in, I'm in."

The words shocked me. Excited me. We rushed inside and shut the door, but we never made it upstairs. I had her naked in moments, fucked her on our sofa, which was still covered with a plastic moving tarp. We agreed that come Friday, if she were right, we'd go for it.

Friday seemed to take forever to arrive, and the curiosity about whether or not my wife had correctly interpreted the neighbors' intent was a constant companion. Maybe she was wrong. What if she was? What if she wasn't? I was lost in that loop in my mind as we walked toward Jack and Abby's home.

"Nervous?" she queried.

"A little. You?"

"A bit," she said before asking, "Excited?"

"Some. You?"

"A lot." Then she grinned, and no more was said because we were at the door and it had been flung open.

Jack and Abby stood there, looking pleased, put together and welcoming. One glance at Abby told me that my wife had been right. My stomach swirled with anticipation as we stepped inside their home.

It only took a few moments of conversation for them to bring up the subject. "We throw . . . parties," Jack said. "Mixers for local couples who like to mix things up."

"So is this a test run?" Becky asked.

"It could be," Abby answered, touching my leg.

"Then I say let's get it over with. To see if we fit," Becky said. I watched, open mouthed, as my wife stood and took off her sundress. "But I want to be in the room with my husband," she asserted. "At least, the first time."

Jack smiled and nodded. Then he stood and began to run his hands up and down my wife's body. He tugged at her black panties to remove them. My cock grew instantly hard, my mind reeling.

Abby took that opportunity to kneel in front of me. Her white blouse gaped open as she leaned over to undo my pants. I spied her tits barely restrained by a nude-colored lace bra. I didn't think; I just pushed my hand down into her blouse and cupped her breast. She smiled, leaned in and took my cock into her mouth. Her tongue was hot and wet, and my breath fled my lungs as she delivered a long, slow suck.

My eyes darted between her mouth on me and Jack sucking my wife's nipples. Becky's gaze met mine over his head, and she smiled.

Jack pushed his hand between her legs, stroking her clit. He slipped his fingers inside my wife's cunt, even as his wife continued to suck me off, using her fist—slick with spit—to help push me to the height of arousal.

"Stand up," I said, as Jack le-

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vered Becky over the arm of the sofa. He spread her wide and studied her pussy, stroking the rosy flesh there. He smoothed his hands over her abundant ass, and then, as I watched, slipped a juice-slick finger into her asshole. Becky tossed her head back, eyes shut.

"Take them off," I whispered, tugging Abby's shorts. "All of it."

A small smile played across her red lips. She did as I asked and stood there, utterly nude, as I yanked my pants and boxers down to my knees. I remained sitting as I watched Jack roll on a condom and play his cockhead along Becky's wet slit, teasing her.

Then I turned my attention back to his wife and parted her pussy lips, teasing her clit with my fingertip. Touching a stranger was surreal and somehow liberating.

"Come sit on my lap, Abby," I said.

She handed me a condom, and I rolled it on. She sat on my lap chastely at first, while I kissed her, undid her bra and played with her nipples. My eyes inevitably returned to Jack and my wife. Jack was sliding into her slowly, holding the flare of her hips and rocking into her, and I felt a stab of lust tinged with jealousy. It was spectacular.

I sucked one of Abby's nipples into my mouth, used my teeth so she gasped, then gave the other nipple the same attention.

"Come on. Let me get inside you," I said.

She straddled me, letting me push my cock to her wet cunt. Then with delicate hands on my shoulders, she lowered herself onto my dick. She moved slow enough to make me half-crazy as I felt myself enter the tight, wet heat of her pussy.

She squeezed her internal muscles, and I groaned.

I looked across the room and saw Becky pushing her body back to

take Jack's cock. She was pinching her nipples, pausing here and there to reach down and tease her clit. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright.

I held Abby's hips, helping her raise and lower herself on my cock. Every time she flexed her pussy around me, I felt myself tip closer to coming. Seeing Jack with my wife wasn't helping me stave off my orgasm.

I rocked up from beneath Abby, forcing myself deeper inside her. She sighed, eyes drifting shut. She leaned forward pushing her tits to my face. I found her with my tongue, my teeth, and felt her cunt quiver in a way that was involuntary. Everyone was close. Everyone was lost in the moment.

"I'm going to come. Fuck . . . " Becky said.

Jack made a noise—gruff and animalistic. His rhythm increased, and seeing it spurred me on. I thrust up hard and fast beneath Abby as she drove herself down onto me. I bit her nipple hard enough to make her gasp and then she was coming around my dick—fluid and lovely. Her cries seemed to be contagious, because Becky lost it next. Her dark hair dangled in front of her face as she clutched the arm of the sofa and Jack fucked her faster.

I gritted my teeth, feeling somewhat competitive.

I won. Jack came with a bellow, driving his big body forward once more, pushing deep into my wife's pussy. He hung his head, one hand spread across her lower back.

Abby was rocking and watching me. I let myself go. Holding her tight, I thrust up a few more times before I climaxed. I came with a grunt, trying to contain myself. After all, we were guests.

Becky, ever the brave one, turned and regarded Jack thoughtfully. "So,

do we pass the test? Are we allowed to play at your parties?"

It was Abby who answered. "I can't think of anyone else we'd rather have. I think you'll be a perfect fit to our gatherings." She slowly pulled her body off my softening cock. I felt a fresh lust fill me. "Now, about those drinks we promised you."

*Mr. Terry B.,
Richmond, Virginia*

IT'S RISKY BUSINESS FOR ORAL LOVERS AT AN OUTDOOR FESTIVAL

Sherry wore the skirt that always drove me crazy. We were planning to go to an outdoor music festival and down the stairs she came, decked out in a sleeveless tee and that bubble-gum-pink skirt with the tiny white flowers. It's not even that short. It's just where it hits her—a few inches above the knee. How it fits her—flirty and swishy but not ridiculous. And what I always think about when she wears it—going down on her.

I sighed. "Don't you have another skirt?"

She raised an eyebrow. "I have a thousand other skirts, but I want to wear this one. Why?"

"It makes me think bad things," I confessed.

"Ah, but I like when you think bad things. So this skirt it is, then."

She took my hand, and we went. I kept glancing down at that skirt the entire drive to the park. I wondered what was beneath it. I admired how the hem caressed the place where her thigh muscles were the most defined.

When she climbed out of the car, when she walked up the hill in front of me. When she nudged through a small crowd to find a spot to put down our blanket, all I could think of was flipping up that skirt, putting my head beneath it and sucking her hard little clit until she came.



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We found a place to spread out our blanket. She'd brought a bottle of wine, some plastic glasses and snacks. "You keep staring at me," she said in my ear. She'd leaned against me to speak as the first band took the stage and the crowd was focused on them.

"You're distracting me," I said.

"Prove it," she said.

I glanced around, spotted a building that was dark with the evening's burgeoning shadows. I took her hand, pulled her up and tugged her along.

She was laughing. That skirt was swishing around her thighs. I pulled her back into a darkened niche and glanced around to see if anyone but us was about. No one was.

I dropped to my knees, not caring about dirt and leaves and sticks. I flipped the skirt up, and her hands settled softly on my shoulders. Her panties were flimsy and light colored. That was all I could tell in the dimness. But I could smell her, sweet and warm and musky. I pushed my mouth to the front of her underwear and exhaled, nudging her through the fabric with my tongue.

Sherry made a soft, pleased sound and bumped her hips forward to get better contact with my mouth. I stroked my hands up her soft calves, slid them behind her knees, then up her thighs. I pulled her legs a bit more apart and continued to suck and lick her through her panties. Her fingers clutched at my shoulders, telling me without words that she wanted more. Needed more.

I kissed her upper thighs, licked them, scraped my teeth along her skin. All in an effort to torture her the way she'd tortured me with that skirt.

"You're killing me," she said.

"Sorry." But I wasn't.

Finally, my own need overtook me. I tugged the panties down, put my face between her thighs and let the

skirt drape over my head the way I'd imagined. I was cloaked in darkness, we could be spotted at any time, and it couldn't get any better.

I used my hands to part her pussy lips. I breathed over her tender skin, letting the heat invade her, and when her hips rocked forward again, I finally delivered a slow, deliberate lick to her clitoris. She groaned.

I pushed a finger inside her, feeling her tight, wet heat enclose my digit. I sucked her clit, then painted her outer lips with my tongue. I went back to sucking, adding a second finger, fucking her slow and deep. She began to thrust her hips forward, moving to meet my lips and tongue. When her cunt gripped tight around my fingers, I added a third.

She would climax soon, I could tell. But I wouldn't be done with her after that. I had other plans.

I slipped my fingers deep, hooking them slightly to stimulate her G-spot. Then I began to drag my tongue in circles and whorls, imprinting invisible patterns on her pussy.

She shivered, and I pictured her—somewhere in the world beyond the skirt over my head—pushing her fist to her mouth. I shoved my fingers deeper, sucked her clit harder, and she came, rippling around my digits, her juices coating my lips.

I let the spasms pass, let her calm down, and then withdrew my head.

"We should get back," she said.

"Not yet," I responded. I took her hips and turned her. "Hands against the wall, ass back."

"But—"

"I'm not done," I said. Then I tucked the hem of her skirt in the waistband to hold the garment up and expose her butt.

"Someone could find us," she pleaded, even as she complied.

"I know."

When she was positioned the way I wanted, I studied her. Her hands

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were splayed against the concrete outbuilding. Her ass was exposed, her panties were around her knees and that damn skirt was bunched at her waist. Perfect.

I pushed my face to her ass, working my tongue so that it hit her clit from behind. I loved to go down on her this way. I loved having to press my face to her pert butt. I loved having to work to reach her. And I loved how she lost it when I did.

She responded exactly how I expected: She thrust her ass back, trying to help me get better access. My

been when all we could think about was fucking.

I pushed my tongue to her slick cunt, dipped it inside her repeatedly until she said my name almost like an expletive. Then I went back to her clit. The break had done its job. I only had to tease her nub with the rigid tip of my tongue a few times, and she reached orgasm again.

I quickly stood, not knowing or caring what I might look like. Sherry hurriedly tugged up her panties and smoothed her skirt. I could barely see her, but I could hear her heavy



tongue barely reached her clit, teasing it and making her crazy. My nose pressed near her back hole, my entire head full of the scent of her.

Sherry ground herself back against me, sighing softly, trying not to care that someone might find us, no doubt. But she did care. And that made the whole thing more exciting.

I spread her asscheeks with my hands. I squeezed them hard, knowing from her past confessions that she often wished I'd leave fingerprints on her skin when we did stuff like this. As a reminder of how we'd

breathing. She stood on tiptoe and leaned forward to speak into my ear.

"Let's get back—if I can still walk."

I laughed, trailing my fingers over the soft cotton of her skirt.

"And when we get back to the car later," she added, "I'm going to show you how much *you* distract *me*."

"I look forward to your demonstration." Before we headed back to our blanket, I kissed her on the lips.

"You smell like me," she said.

"Just the way I like it."

*Mr. Paul D.,
Topeka, Kansas*



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